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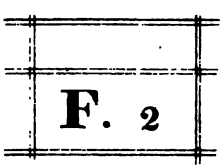

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TRAVELS

FROM

BERLIN,

THROUGH SWITZERLAND,

TO

PARIS,

IN THE YEAR 1804.

BY

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE,

AUTHOR OF THE STRANGER, LOVERS' VOWS, PIZARRO, *&c. &c.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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JOURNEY

FROM

BERLIN TO PARIS.

MUSEUM OF FRENCH MONUMENTS.

THE Museum of French Monuments is now incontestibly one of the greatest curiosities in Paris. Heart, genius, taste for the arts, imagination, are all roused upon entering this sanctuary. Alexander LeNoir, the founder and president of this museum, a man animated with the most fervent zeal, has, in consequence of his being charged by the government, collected from all the destroyed castles, churches, and convents, about *six hundred French monuments*, many of which

go back as far as the *sixth* century, and each, without exception, inspiring the most powerful interest, on account of its value in the arts, the opportunity it affords of observing their progress as an historical record, or even merely because it excites the imagination of the beholder. A suppressed convent of the Augustine monks *(des petites Augustines)* is destined for the exhibition of these treasures. The antiquated premises, including yards and gardens, have been charmingly appropriated to this purpose. What the ruthless Vandalism of the revolution had either mutilated or destroyed, has been repaired, as much as possible, by the diligent *Le Noir.* He was present and active every where, and, made, for instance, very interesting observations, at the digging up of the corpses in the Abbey of St. Denis. Many persons, buried in stone coffins (a custom

derived from the first era of the monarchy), were found with their dress in complete preservation, with a variety of implements by their sides, which had either been, or were intended for their use. Unfortunately the barbarians of the last century tore the dresses in pieces, and the metal was carried to the mint.

Your first entry is through the *ci-devant* church, full of monuments of different ages, ranged in chronological order, and ornamented with picturesque groupes. From hence you proceed beneath awful vaults, the painted windows of which permit only a dubious light to glimmer through them. There, on its rude shrine, is seated the *thirteenth century*. Kings and queens, hewn out of rude masses of stone, with folded hands, here lie in torpid modesty upon their coffins: all that surrounds you, the very window panes included, are coeval with

those hoary epochs of antiquity. It is impossible to stroll about in the twilight of these tombs, without being struck with a sacred awe.

Through a passage resembling a cavern, you enter a Gothic hall, sacred to the fourteenth century, where every pillar, nay, every decoration of stone, is really a relic of those times, which gave existence to the monuments exposed. In this manner the spectator, bidding defiance to ages, goes, with feelings inexpressible, through one century after another, till he comes to the eighteenth, wanders, at last, through the shady bowers of *Elysium* (formerly the garden of the monastery), sees there great men recorded in history, or tarries here at the grave of the amiable La Fontaine!!

I hope I shall not prove tedious, if I briefly name and mark, with some additional strokes of the pencil, that which

struck *me* the most. You scarcely enter the church, but you see a stone altar to the right, which some merchants of Paris, in the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, raised to Jupiter. Among its decorations you recognize Mercury, Bacchus, and Venus, and rejoice in the constancy of the Parisians, who have not ceased for 1800 years to worship those divinities. This stone, with a Greek inscription, covered a loving pair, Philocares and Timagore. No high-sounding praise blazons forth their conjugal affection, but simply eloquent is the *bas-relief*, where they heartily *shake hands* upon entering the infernal regions.

" Greeting to Moschus, the son of Moschus!" are the few words which yonder tomb-stone of Parisian marble addresses to thee! They are directed to a celebrated poet, who died in Sicily 285 years before our era. No flattering en-

comiums profane his memory; but, after the expiration of two thousand years, every passenger, even at this day, gently hails him, saying, " Greeting to Moschus!"

What a long series of Grecian names are engraved on yon large marble table! They were brave men of the race of the *Erechtides*, who fell in the field of battle. The gratitude of their fellow citizens engraved their names on this marble, which was raised soon after the death of Cymon, in the time of the Peloponnesian war, two thousand three hundred years ago. Who can view these characters without seeing before his eyes the Grecian world now almost become a fable? The visitor passes with more indifference that uncouth vase, of which pious tradition affirms, that it was used at the *nuptials in Canaan.*

Smiling, I stop before a strange se-

pulchral monument, appertaining to the sixth century. It is consecrated to Dagobert I., who stained his victories with lust and cruelty; who, without reckoning his concubines, was at one time betrothed to three queens. But he expiated all his sins, and was numbered among the saints, by building the Abbey of St. Dennis. His epitaph relates, in the most ludicrous *basso-relievos*, how he fared after his death. Begin from below, where Dagobert's corpse lies extended. A little higher up follows a boat full of devils, who are holding fast Dagobert's soul, and tormenting it. If the artist designed to represent the devils as ugly and frightful, he has wholly missed his aim, for they are all grotesque figures, with human bodies, and the heads of frogs, dogs, &c. In order to shew that the man, whom the demons are thus teazing and tormenting, is not in rea-

lity a man, but merely a soul, the artist has not represented his genitals. Perhaps he was not altogether mistaken. But had he in the same manner represented him as wanting a *stomach*, he would at least have excluded every thing that prevents a man from being a *soul*. Farther up you see, besides two angels, St. Dennis and St. Martin, whom Dagobert invoked in his distress, and who retook the royal prize from the devils, on which occasion several imps of hell, with frogs heads, tumble in a most laughable posture into the water. Still higher, the soul, between its two deliverers, stands enveloped in a linen cloth, perfumed by angels with censors of frankincense. At the very summit, the saints are kneeling before Abraham, whom they beg to receive the soul into his capacious bosom. A couple of statues are likewise to be seen, formerly

placed on both sides of the monument, the one Nantilda, wife of Dagobert, the other their son Clovis.

With more serious feelings, uttering both curses and blessings, I now stand between the monuments of *Fredegunda* and *Bertruda*; the former murdered her own husband, and was an enemy to God and men;* the latter was indefatigably employed in softening, by her feminine gentleness, the rude disposition of her husband, and saving every victim destined to destruction by his blood-thirsty tyranny. The son of Fredegunda, Clotaire II., was her husband, and he himself ordered both monuments to be erected.

What an oppressive sensation of woe seized me, upon stepping into that closet, whose style of architecture an-

* This is the name given her by Gregory of Tours.

nounces the twelfth century. O! these pillars, these ruins, once belonged to the *Paraclete*, and in the middle of them is a tomb—'tis ABELARD's! the identical sepulchre which Peter the venerable dedicated to his friend: Here lies Abelard, with his head reclined, and his hands folded. Near him reposes his faithful mistress; and the heads of these interesting figures are impressions taken by the sculptor; and, what is more than all, this tomb actually contains the united ashes of the two lovers—Abelard! Heloisa! this stone calls out to me. I lay my hand upon it: Cold stone! I am going to say, and suddenly draw it back, for this stone is not cold! An inscription of which Marmontel is said to be the author, is so simply beautiful, that I gladly transcribe it:

Hic
Sub eodem Marmore jacent
Hujus monasterii
Conditor PETRUS ABELARDUS
Et abbatissa prima HELOISA,
Olim studiis, ingenio, amore, infaustis nuptiis
Et pœnitentia,
Nunc æterna, quod speramus, Felicitate
conjuncti.

Here lie
under the same marble,
PETER ABELARD,
The founder of this convent,
and
HELOISA,
Its first abbess,
Formerly united in studies, genius, love, unhappy wedlock, and repentance,
Now, as we hope, in eternal happiness.

Every loving couple, who are so happy as to visit the thousand curiosities of Paris, hand in hand, should renew the oath of fidelity at this tomb. Let them cast a look of contempt as they pass by

on yonder tombstone, which covered the bones of Abelard's persecutor, the Abbé Adam. This blind fanatic, as abbot of St. Dennis, ordered Abelard's incarceration, because he dared to utter the unheard-of heresy, that the bones kept as the relics of St. Dionysius, or Dennis, were not the real bones of that holy Areopagite, who had never been in France.

That little box, decorated with ivory and tortoiseshell, deserves, by all means, a look of curiosity. Louis XI. brought it back from his crusade in Palestine, full of relics, and it has since been worshipped in the holy chapel at Paris as a relic, though its *bas-reliefs* very plainly represent the expedition of the Argonauts in quest of the golden fleece. In this manner Pagan obscenities have before now often served as ornaments to enshrine the relics of the saints.

The great *bas-relief*, which here attracts the eye, has been taken from the Abbey of St. Dennis, and is only remarkable for the singularity of its component parts. It represents the *passion of Christ*, having *St. Eustachius* on one side, and *the young men in the fiery furnace* on the other. The *bas-relief*, representing the annunciation of Mary, is not less droll. The Virgin, praying, views with astonishment the youthful Gabriel, who, in the dress of a *petit maitre* of those times, without daring to speak, very modestly unrolls a manuscript, containing the subject of his errand. On the top is God the Father, with his face gilded entirely over, and out of his mouth the Holy Ghost flies straight to Mary.

The eye gladly dwells on that statue of white marble, which perpetuates the memory of that excellent lady, Valen-

tine of Milan, spouse of the Duke of Orleans, who was murdered at Paris in the year 1407, and whose loss the good Valentine could not survive. She died of a broken heart in 1408. Her moving device was a watering pot, from which trickle drops in the form of tears, with this circumscription:

Rien ne m'est plus
Plus ne m'est rien.

That statue of Peter of Navarre reminds us of the singular death of his father, Charles II. denominated the Wicked. The avenging Nemesis held him up as a terrible example. A kind of torpor seized him, and he was unable to move a limb. The physicians then advised him to have himself sewed up very closely in a linen sheet, previously steeped in brandy. It was at night, when he went to bed, that this kind of sack was put about him. One of the cham-

bermaids sewed it fast under his chin, and having done, she was going to cut off the remaining end of the thread, but having no scissars, she took the candle to burn it off; in an instant the king was all in flames; the affrighted chambermaid ran away, amidst violent shrieks, and Charles the Wicked was burnt alive in his bed.

Another marble statue reminds the present generation of Charles of Orleans, who inspires interest by being the great grandfather of Francis I., and still more as an amiable poet. A manuscript preserved in the national library contains the fruits of his genius, of which I will give the following short specimen.

A BALLAD.

Jeune, gente, plaisante et débonnaire!
Par un prier qui vaut commandement,
Chargé m'avez d'une Ballade faire,
Je l'ai faite de cœur joyeusement:

Or la veuillez recevoir doucement ;
Vous y verrez, s'il vous plait à la lire,
Le mal que j'ai, combien que hardiment
J'aimasse mieux de bouche vous le dire.

Votre douceur m'a sçu si bien attraire
Que tout Vostre je suis entierement,
Très désirant de Vous servir et plaire,
Mais je souffre maint douloureux tourment
Quaint à mon gré je ne vous voi souvent,
Et me déplaist quand me faut vous l'escrire,
Car si faire je pouvois autrement,
J'aimasse mieux de bouche vous le dire.

C'est par dangier, mon cruel adversaire
Qui m'a tenu en ses mains longuement.
En tous mes faits, je le trouve contraire
Et plus se rit quand plus me voit dolent.
Si je voulois raconter pleinement
En cet escrit mon ennuyeux martyre,
Trop long serois, pour ce certainement
J'aimasse mieux de bouche vous le dire.

Thus tenderly was love sung in the middle of the fifteenth century.

Let us pass by the statue of Isabel of

Bavaria, who, loathsome to nature herself, was carried on a bier to St. Dennis, followed only by a single priest. Rather let us tarry near the bust of the Maid of Orleans, in whose soft feminine features we in vain seek the courage by which the man who stands beside her was kept on his throne. But it may easily be seen in this man, that he was dastard enough to deliver up his preserver a prey to the fury of fanaticism, even without venturing to make a single attempt for her deliverance.

A precious monument of the arts, as well as an interesting subject of history, is this kneeling statue of Philip de Villiers L'isle d'Adam, grand master of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, who, at the celebrated siege of Rhodes, by his bravery and skill, resisted 200,000 Turks, till the perfidy of his chancellor Amaral forced him into a surrender.

Charles V. presented him with Malta, and after his death all his knights deplored him as a hero and a father. On his tombstone has been engraved this fine encomium; *Here rests virtue, vanquishing fortune.*

With awful reverence I enter a chapel, dedicated to Francis I. the restorer of the arts. The corpse of this good man, as well as that of his spouse, Claude de France, are imitated with striking truth in marble; and the bas-reliefs, placed here and there, interest, by a faithful representation of the dresses, arms, and implements of war in those times. Above the timber work, supported by sixteen Ionic columns, appear again the statues of the royal pair, surrounded by their beloved children, kneeling and praying. The formal court and state-dresses make a sad contrast with the uniform of death below. Again I find

another statue of the corpse of the royal friend of da Vinci, most ingeniously sculptured in white marble; and I observe with regret that the boyish petulance of ambition was quite as active as it is at this day in propháning the most sacred monuments, by scrawling obscure names upon them. In this disgraceful manner have been sinfully eternized, for example, one Hugues Bétauld, in 1580, and one Lormel, in 1584, &c. &c. on the monument of Francis I.

This fine column, hung with laurels and vine leaves, carries on its top the image of justice, and once contained the heart of the noble Constable Montmorency, together with that of a king, who wished to be united with his friend both living and dead. The inscription wants taste, but by no means affection.

Cy-dessous gist un Coeur plein de vaillance,
Un Coeur d'honneur, un Coeur qui tout savait,
Coeur de vertus qui mille coeurs avait,
Coeur de trois rois et de toute la France.
Ci gist ce Coeur qui fut notre assurance,
Coeur qui de Coeur de justice vivait,
Coeur qui de force et de Conseil servait.
Coeur que le Ciel honora des l'enfance,
Coeur, non jamais, ni trop haut, ni remis,
Le Coeur des siens, l'effroi des ennemis,
Coeur qui fut coeur du roi Henri son maitre,
Roi qui voulut qu'un Sépulcre commun
Les enfermoit après leur mort, pour être
Comme en vîvant, deux mêmes coeurs en un.

Though the king is only mentioned in the four last lines, I scarcely know to whom the inscription does most honour; whether to the faithful servant of whom there are so many, or to the affectionate king of whom there are so few.

I would not stop a moment before the kneeling statue of the Chancellor

Réné Biragué, (who with the abhorred Catherine de Medicis, waded through torrents of blood shed in the night of St. Bartholomew) did not the sight of his spouse under his feet arrest my attention. Drest in the costume of her time, she reposes on soft pillows, and supports her plump cheeks with her fleshy hand; before her is placed a book, which she seems slightly to peruse, while a teazing lap-dog does all he can to prevent her. What a quiet image of the calm enjoyment of life unsuspecting the stratagem of death, which is lurking near in ambush. Yet only look down on the *bas relief* of her couch, and you find the same woman a lifeless corpse; the full round features are vanished; the sparkling eye is sunk deep; and the rich vestment changed into a melancholy winding sheet. This contrast of life and death makes a deep impression on the beholder,

and the whole appears less a monument than a satire upon human life.

Whose statue is it, round which I have often seen groups of Frenchmen of the old school collected with sentimental gravity? It is the good king Henry IV. whom the republicans never will forget. No representation of him is a greater resemblance than this statue. The truth of this is averred by Le Noir, who was present at St. Dennis when his coffin was opened, and his body found in full preservation.

In honour of the art, but in spite of the pompous inscription to his own disgrace, you here find kneeling Albert Gondi, a marshal of France, who taught Charles IX. to swear and murder. Let's quickly away to yon female form: Claude Catherine de Clermont Tonnerre, the protectress and even intimate sister of the sciences. It was she who, instead

of her mistress, answered in Latin the Polish ambassadors who brought to the son of Catherine de Medicis the decree of his election to the throne of Poland; it was she who delivered such an elegant oration, as to make the old chancellor, Biragué, who answered for Charles IX. ashamed of himself. The inscription calls her, *Heroina cum quavis prisci ævi comparanda.*

I had never before heard the name of Dominique Sarrede mentioned; but how gladly my eye dwells on his bust, since I know how faithfully he loved Henry IV. He lost a leg in the battle of Ivry. This, however, did not prevent him from devoting his farther services to his excellent sovereign. His grief at the assassination of the best of masters was such, that passing, two days after the perpetration of the horrid deed, through the street called *Rue de la Fe-*

ronnerie, he fell down senseless on the spot where it happened, and died the next morning. A trophy of his arms was erected to him at Ermenonville, under which are written these verses :

En ce bocage où ton laurier repose
Sur le joli myrte d'amour
Ton fidele sujet dépose
Ses armes à toi pour toujours.
O mon cher, mon bien-aimé maitre ?
J'ai déjà, sous ton étendard
Perdu de mes membres le quart ;
Je voue ici mon restant être.
Que si d'un pied marche trop lent pour toi,
Point ne faudroit meilleure aide ;
Car pour combattre pour son roi,
L'amour fera voler Sarrede.

The monument of the honest president Pibrac, of the sixteenth century is covered with a stone, containing his life in Latin, and four French stanzas, in which, indeed, all the philosophy of the life of

a prudent and honest man is compressed.

Dieu tout premier, puis père et mère honore,
Sois juste et devot, et en toute saison,
De l'innocent prens en main la raison ;
Car Dieu te doit là haut juger encore.

Heureux qui met en Dieu son ésperance,
Et qui l'invoque en sa prospérité,
Autant ou plus qu'en son adversité,
Et ne se fie en humaine assurance.

Il est permis souhaiter un bon prince ;
Mais tel, qu'il est il le convient porter ;
Car il vaut mieux un tyran supporter,
Que de troubler la paix de la province.

Songe long tems avant que de promettre ;
Mais si tu as quelque chose promis,
Quoi que ce soit, et fust-ce aux ennemis,
De l'accomplir, en devoir te faut mettre.

Hail, Philip Desportes, thou amiable, erotic poet, who, beloved, honoured, and rewarded by three kings, diedst in plenty and peace! In peace? Scarcely

couldst thou ever forget, that Diana de Cossé Brisac, thy charming mistress, surprised by her husband in thy arms, fell a bloody victim of furious jealousy! Is there a more horrible destiny for a lover! —Alas! and yet Desportes could forget Diana. An Hippolyte, a Laura, soon replaced the ill-fated fair one. I shall not stop longer before his monument.

With respect I pass by the man whose life is busily recorded on this *bas relief* by the muse of history. It is the celebrated historian de Thou.

The physiognomist will find an interest in that statue of Charlotte Catherine de la Tremouille, accused of having poisoned her husband, but acquitted by the parliament. As this image is said to be a striking likeness, the physiognomist may decide whether she has been justly accused or acquitted; I believe the former.

Girardon's celebrated masterpiece of Richelieu's monument, I have in former years admired in the Sorbonne. But it is memorable and honourable to the director of the museum, that he risked his life in rescuing it from the hands of the Vandals, on which occasion he was wounded with a bayonet.

That Scottish youth, of the Douglas family, died on the bed of honour in the twenty fourth year of his age; a lady caused this monument, with the following expressive antique French inscription to be placed to his memory:

Prou de pis, peu de pair, point de plus.

This princess of Conti, who, beautiful and virtuous, was snatched from the world in the thirty-fifth year of her age, was scarcely nineteen years old, when she sold her jewels to relieve the poor

in a famine. Tender of conscience, she made restitution of all those estates the possession of which appeared in the least suspicious to her, and the amount of them is estimated at 800,000 livres. The look with which you part from her *bas relief*, is benevolence from the heart.

Another emotion sublimely affecting pervades my frame, if I look at the superb monument which Charles Le Brun raised to his mother. An angel with a trumpet hovers over her coffin, the call of the resurrection is sounded, the matron hears it, raises the lid of her coffin, and gladly awaking from a long slumber, rises out of her grave. Art lent a hand to filial duty: the expression of the figure is admirable; a fervent desire after the celestial light seems to beam on the countenance of the blessed parent.

Thanks to the ingenious Girardon, for

the great lesson he gave on the monument of Louvois to all statesmen. History holding an open book, turns her eyes bedewed with tears towards Louvois, and seems to shew him in her annals that passage which perpetuates his cruelty to the Palatinate.

The two French lines subjoined to the Latin epitaph of the poet Santeuil, are more striking than intelligible.

> Cy gît le celebre Santeuil!
> Muses et fous prenez le deuil.

A composition unique in its kind.

This Melpomene, reclining weeping over Crebillon's bust, reminds me of a droll anecdote. This monument was destined for the church of St. Gervais, where Crebillon lies buried; but the priest declared that he would not suffer his sanctuary to be profaned by such an ungodly monument, unless the muse

and Crebillon's bust were removed! In the same manner the performance of Schiller's Don Carlos, was prohibited at the pious theatre in D * *, if the passion of Don Carlos for his step-mother was not omitted!

I copy the beautiful inscription under that medallion, because d'Alembert is the author of it:

François de Chevert, Lieutenant Général etc.
Sans ayeux, sans fortune, sans appui,
Orphelin dès l'enfance.
Il entra, au service à l'age de XI. ans.
Il s'eleva, malgré l'envie, à force de mérite,
Et chaque grade fut le prix d'une action d'éclat.
Le titre seul de Maréchal de France
A manqué, non pas à sa gloire,
Mais à l'exemple de ceux qui le prendront pour modèle.

Noble, pious, and sublime sentiments are impressed by all these monuments of great men and excellent females, upon

the cultivated mind of every person who walks among them; but a melancholy horror damps those sensations, and our arms are involuntarily stretched out, if we find here and there in this Elysium the ashes of our favourites, the ashes of men, whose writings and actions we have carried in our hearts from our infancy. There I see a sepulchral monument surrounded with comic masks; it covered the remains of Molière. The simple inscription says:

Moliére et Thalie reposent dans ce tombeau.

The whole is encompassed by roses, myrtles, and cypress trees. Here lies this great man of immortal celebrity, to whom the archbishop of Paris refused a Christian burial.

This sarcophagus contains the ashes of Réné Descartes, which his friend Dali-

bert brought back to his country from Sweden, where he died. Beneath this stone rests Lafontaine; two *bas reliefs* represent two of his favourite fables, and you read: *Jean Lafontaine est dans ce tombeau*, and there again: *Jean s'en alla comme il étoit venu*, the first line of his epitaph, which he himself composed:

Jean s'en alla comme il étoit venu,
Mangeant le fonds avec le revenu,
Tint les tresors chose peu necessaire.
Quant à son temps, bien sut le dispenser:
Deux parts en fit, dont il voulait passer,
L'une à dormir, et l'autre à ne rien faire.

Yon stone conceals the remains of Boileau. Three lines from his epistles are engraved on it:

Ainsi que mes chagrins, mes beaux jours sont passés
Je ne sens plus l'aigreur da ma bile prémiere,
Et laisse aux froids rimeurs une libre carrière.

Here reposes Mabillon, the learned cri-

ic and diplomatist; there Montfaucon the great antiquarian.

How can I express my feelings in wandering among the shades which hover over these venerable remains? In short, there was not a remarkable man in France, of whom you are not reminded in this museum, were it even by a bust, of which there is a vast number. Here Montaigne, Sully, Rotrou, Corneille; there Racine, Quinault, Fénélon, Lenostre; here Bossuet, the two Rousseaus, Detouches; there Heloisa, and Abelard, Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette; here Prince Maurice of Saxony, Montesquieu, the centenary Fontenelle, and the German Winkelmann; there Helvetius, Piron, (with the famous epitaph, *ci git, que ne fut rien: pas même Academicien)* Du Belloy, and Voltaire, with this inscription by the Consul Le Brun:

O Parnasse ! Frémis de douleur et d'effroi :
Pleurez, Muses, brisez vos lyres immortelles ;
Toi dont il fatigua les cent voix et les ailes,
Dis que Voltaire est mort, pleure et repose-toi.

Here Buffon, the noble Malesherbes, D'Alembert, and Diderot; there Raynal, Bailly, Vaucanson, and the German Gluck, with this inscription :

Il préféra les muses aux syrénes.

What a delight for a thinking and feeling being, to be every where placed before the likenesses of men who did great actions, said excellent things, or invented useful ones, to make, as it were, a personal acquaintance with each of them, and to examine whether his features are congenial to his mind. The treasures of art, in the Museum Napoleon, are infinitely more costly ; and the Apollo of Belvedere alone, in point of art, may probably counterbalance the whole Mu-

seum of French Monuments: but admiration seldom warms the heart, and has never, at least, prepared such a luxurious treat to my fancy, as I found among the tombs and monuments of great men.

The endeavours of the founder, to make the whole place harmonize within and without, are very commendable. For instance, the whole court-yard, through which you go into the first saloon, is decorated with porticoes of the ancient castle of Anet, which Henry II. built for his beloved mistress Diana of Poitiers. The painted window-panes, as has already been observed, are always cotemporary with the monuments. There are several fine productions of the arts; for example, an *Ecce Homo*, by Albert Durer.

Thus much of the new celebrity which Paris has gained by Le Noir's enthusiasm. Every traveller will certainly hasten to

the convent *des Petits Augustins* during the first days of his stay. Much is to be seen there, of which I have not said a word; and an amateur who can judge will be able to say twenty times more than I, who only felt.

MUSEUM NAPOLEON.

I. GALLERY OF PAINTINGS.

Before I write a word upon the richest treasure of the arts in the whole world, I must previously prepare my readers for what they have to expect of my description. I must make the lamentable confession, that I am so unfortunate as to interest my feelings in all the works of art, and even my feelings *first of all.* I know very well that our powerful modern school will have it, that a production of art ought not to

operate at all upon the feelings; that it is a wretched performance if it does; that it ought not to imitate or even reach nature, as it would otherwise be insufferably common; that it is all one upon what subject the art is practised, &c. I am so unfortunate as to let all these arguments enter at one ear, and go out at the other. I do not enquire before-hand, by what master is this picture? Is it old enough to lavish enthusiastic praise upon? Is there no fault in the drawing? Nor do I ever ask, what impression is this picture *not* to make? But I ask, what impression does it make? because I am so obstinate as to fancy that the painter has painted it to produce this or that impression on the beholder. Thus it follows, from all these foibles attached to my disposition, that the reader has to expect no decisions from me upon the art. I

will and shall do nothing but relate what I have seen, and what sensations those things which I have seen have excited in me. I shall therefore often expatiate upon objects which appear subordinate to many, are unnoticed by others, and respecting which many, on the other hand, make a great noise. With due deliberation, I would take none of those confounded amateurs with me, who, with spectacles before their eyes, only spoil the pleasure of every unbiassed spectator, or force him to taste only that of which their superior revelation alone renders them susceptible. The only thing which still consoles me in my sinful simplicity, is Lessing's expression in Emelia Galotti: "Away with him, who must first be taught by the painter what is beautiful."

Thus much for an introduction. The disciple in the art, and the petulant critic,

may leap over the whole chapter. We step into the first saloon. It contains *fruits of conquest* from Venice, Florence, Naples, Turin, and Bologna. *The expiation of an involuntary offence*, by St. Julian, rouses all the powers of fancy. This poor saint had the misfortune to murder his own father and mother, because he found them in his bed; and, misled by the darkness of the night, took them to be his wife with her paramour. In order to expiate his sin, he fled with his wife to the banks of a torrent, of which the passage was very dangerous. Here he founded an hospital for the poor and distressed. Once in winter, at the dead hour of midnight, he hears a plaintive voice from the opposite bank; he crosses it with eager haste, finds a poor leper, carries him across, tries to warm him, and, not succeeding before the fire, puts him into his own bed. Immedi-

ately a glory of celestial splendour encircles the head of the patient, who assures his pious host that his crime was now expiated by his charitable compassion, and vanishes. The Florentine painter Allori, of the sixteenth century, chose and represented, in a capital manner, the moment when Saint Julian helps the poor leper out of the boat.

A Holy Family, by Andrew di Sarto, is inexpressibly beautiful; but you are plunged into affliction before a kneeling figure of the Roman Feti. Its look, fixed on a death's head, very plainly says: "*I have lost every thing!*"

The rape of Helen, by Guido, is a fine but ludicrous performance. Can it be supposed that, in a sudden elopement, the fair one should think of all her valuables, and even of her lap-dog? It may sometimes happen, in the ordinary sphere of life, that a lady's maid is much hand-

somer than her mistress; but, in this picture, Guido should have guarded against such a representation. He who finds it indifferent upon what subject the art is practised, may admire the Beggar lousing himself, by Murillo. I turn my back on him, and smile in passing a Holy Family, by the same artist, in which the little Jesus is playing with a rosary. But my smile is converted into gravity, when I cast my eyes upon the fine portrait of Charles I. king of England, of decapitated memory. It was drawn by a Dutchman of the name of Mytens, when Charles was in his twenty-seventh year. This picture, at any rate, makes a greater impression at Paris, than it would have made at Turin, where it was *seized by right of conquest.* The wedding at Canaan, by Paul Veronese, is remarkable in many respects; first, because it is one of the largest pictures

in the world: secondly, because the painter introduced many portraits in it of famous and infâmous persons of his time: the bridegroom, for instance, is a certain Marquis Guasto; the bride, the consort of Francis I.: by her side sits Francis himself, and next to him Queen Mary of England. Then comes even the Grand Signior Soliman II., and then a woman with a tooth-pick, the spouse of the Marquis of Gescaire. The Emperor Charles V. has rather an inconvenient seat, where the table projects into an angle, for which reason he is only visible in profile. Several cardinals and monks, friends of the painter, are drawn either sitting or standing. At last comes the very interesting chorus of musicians, among whom Veronese has introduced the most celebrated Venetian painters of his time: he himself plays on the violoncello. The chronological errors are very

comical. The musicians play from notes. Charles wears the order of the golden fleece, &c. This picture decorated the dining-hall of St. George's, at Venice, and the painter was paid a less price for it than is now given for a single good portrait; I mean to say, no more than *ninety ducats*. Great pleasure is afforded by a picture of Rubens, in which he represents himself, and his dearest and most intimate friends. Here is Hugo Grotius, the honest philosopher, with the dog to which he was so attached. Close to him is Justus Lipsius, the celebrated professor at Louvain: the bust of Seneca behind him alludes, perhaps, to his writings on stoicism, just as the tulips indicate that he eagerly cultivated those flowers, then newly imported. The great painter himself, and his brother, complete this interesting group. But not far from it is suspended a very repulsive picture,

by Sebastiano del Piobo, of Saint Agatha, who, for ought I know, may have been a very pretty woman. She slighted the amorous vows of a governor of Sicily, and, to punish her, the nipples of her beautiful bosom were torn off with pincers. How can *superlative art* take delight in such subjects?

I now enter what is properly called the gallery. Its length is not less than four hundred yards, and it is soon to be increased two hundred more. The partition of deal boards at the end reserves a large space quite covered with pictures, which, placed one upon another against the walls, have not yet been arranged and repaired. The *French school* forms the beginning on the right. You immediately admire more than twenty large paintings by Charles le Brun, among which the tent of Darius particularly struck my fancy. After the battle, in

which Alexander vanquished the king of Persia, the conqueror, attended by his favourite, Hephestion, enters the tent of the Persian princesses. Sysigambis, Darius's mother, throws herself at the feet of the favourite, and, dazzled by the splendour of his armour, takes him for the king. Aware of her mistake, she attempts to apologize. "There's no mistake," said Alexander, "he is my *second self.*" By Sysigambis kneels Darius's spouse, holding her son towards the victor. The weeping Statira, and her younger sister (Darius's daughters), and a great retinue of women, priests, and eunuchs, fill the remaining space of this charming picture. The birth of Christ, by the same artist, is likewise a very pleasing performance, in which the triple light of a lamp, a fire, and a celestial glory, produce a most picturesque effect. The Holy Virgin, with the grape,

by Mignard, is equally pleasing: she presents the fruit to the infant. Of these Holy Virgins there are about two hundred to be found in this gallery, and however beautiful the subject may be, still it recurs too frequently. The Deluge, by Poussin, makes you shudder. You feel almost tempted to leap into the waves to save that poor family, vainly endeavouring to escape from death. Theolon is a name of little celebrity; but it is entitled to a greater share of fame, if the artist has left any more pictures of the same value with that old woman's head, which I deem capital. There is a great number of Vandyke's living images here, and not one of them but what does justice to his reputation. I was particularly pleased with an *ex voto*, where the votaries, husband and wife, are kneeling before the Holy Virgin, and meet with a celestial friendly reception on the part

ıe infant Jesus. *Celestial*, did I say? somewhat terrestrial; for the little st condescends to stroke the man's d.

ere hangs a portrait by a German ter, Faes, which is said to be a good ıess; but who would seek, under : features, the Lord Protector Crom- ? Much more legible has Holbein, nature, rendered the face of Sir mas More, Lord High Chancellor of land. I acknowledge this to have ı the man who coolly submitted his : to the steel of the executioner.) other figures, by Holbein, will af- pleasure to every person as they did ne: one is a young woman with a , closing her hands folded over her es; the other Erasmus, the author he Praise and Folly. But to convert sure into loud merriment, step be- this twelfth day *(fête des rois)*, by

sanctity could scarcely have protected her from profane love. But how revolting is the martyrdom of Saint Placida and St. Flavia, by Corregio! Good God! what a common looking wench is this St. Flavia! It is not very natural, that the Saracens, who, in general, have not been very cruel to the fair-sex, should have thus ungallantly treated this pattern of it. The curse of the Almighty upon our first parents, by Dominichino, excites laughter instead of awe. A great crowd of little angels are carrying the Lord in the clouds, who would certainly tumble down, if the little creatures did not everywhere prop him up with their hands, particularly his posteriors. The massacre of the innocents, is another of those subjects on which even the name of Guido cannot silence me. This painter, otherwise so great, shewed little knowledge of the heart of a mother,

nor did he profit of the subject to the extent he might have done. Here the mothers only *fly* or *cry*; none *supplicate*, none *oppose*. This should be particularly noticed, as the weakest hen will defend her brood, were it even against an eagle. I recollect having seen, at Vienna, a picture representing the same horrors, in the gallery of the princess of Lichtenstein, I know not by what master; but the subject was more justly conceived than in the present. The hand of a mother in despair, whose child had just been run through, at the same moment lacerated the cheek of its murderer. Let him who has seen the boasted painting of the Sabines, by David, here cast a look upon the same history by Guercino. The first view immediately tells us, that the latter was no poet: for who, without being a poet, has ever been a great painter? The return of the prodi-

gal son, by Spada, greatly attracts me; particularly the young man's figure, a living image of distress and repentance. Two female portraits, by Leonardo da Vinci, are irresistibly captivating. One represents the ill-fated lady Anna Boleyn, and proves more interesting, on account of the hard fate of the original, than the merits of the artist. The other is Madame Lise, the wife of a noble Florentine: but should heaven again want a Holy Virgin, let it choose this married beauty. Two youths, by Raphael, both in pensive attitude, are capital, and gave me a much more exalted idea of this great master, than his St. Michael conquering the devil. I conclude with Guercino's Mars, Venus, and Cupid, in which the latter, with a look of wanton menace, is just going to shoot his arrow, so that the beholder, in complete illusion, expects every moment to see his own

heart pierced with the dart, and yet is unable to fly from the shot.

This I think is all that I found particularly interesting.—How? I hear some say, not a word more of Rubens, by whom there are more than fifty pictures to be found here? Not a word of Vernet's landscapes, of which he robbed nature? Nothing of five and twenty Albanos? Of as many Anibal Carrachi's? Not as much as a syllable of Dominichino's celebrated communion of St. Jerome, &c. &c.—No, nothing. I have already confessed my weakness. What I only behold, with reference to the art, and admire, if you will have it so, does not make any impression upon my memory; nor can I afterwards give any account of it. The Descent from the Cross, for example, which is so highly extolled, I certainly think uncommonly fine; yet I can never forget that the

cross, among the Jews, was the same as the *gallows* with us; and that the taking of a person from the gallows is by no means a subject for the fine arts. I have the same feelings with respect to the scores of martyrs with whom this gallery in a manner swarms. A roasted or flayed saint, if he were painted by the Lord himself, is to me an insufferable figure, from which I quickly withdraw. As to the landscapes, I have again an obstinate opinion of my own. In fact, I am much fonder of them painted than described. I am often enraptured with the performances of Vernet and Hakkert (this gallery contains nothing by the latter); but my soul retains no image of their landscapes, when not animated by some history, since historical painting is to me the *summum et solum bonum* of the art.

It is a pity that the catalogue of the

gallery should be so very defective. Many pictures are numbered wrong, and many not at all. With the ticket of admission for foreigners, you may almost daily visit this superb temple of the arts; and it being only open for natives on certain days, you have the great advantage of walking about in it quite undisturbed. The visitor is, in fact, never alone; but always surrounded by young artists, male and female, thirsting for knowledge: they sit here and there, high and low, on the level floor, and on elevated scaffolds, copying the master-pieces of art for their instructive exercise.

2. DRAWINGS.

On re-entering the saloon from the great gallery, another door opens facing it, and invites to the Hall of Apollo,

which is likewise immensely spacious, and contains an enormous quantity of original drawings, sketches, port folios, *jouaches*, water-colours, enamelled paintings, miniatures, Etruscan vases, &c. &c. Here I shall be still more brief; for most of what is contained in this place is for the real *connoisseur*, and I must candidly own, that however excellent Raphael's School of Athens appeared to me in the execution, yet its being a mere sketch (and the crown of this cabinet), it made but a small impression upon me, similar to that of the sketches of Lessing's posthumous tragedies.

Here is a drawing, by Passarotti; the master of a ship, charmed by Homer's genius, intreats the poet to accompany him on his voyage, and Homer plays him a tune on his fiddle!! There is a couple of finely wrought *bas reliefs* in wax, of the Italian school: Jupiter hurl-

ing down the Titans with his thunderbolts, and Diana killing the children of Niobe. It is impossible to carry this art to a higher pitch of perfection. There is again a lovely picture, by Raphael: Alexander offering his crown to Roxana. Cupids are swarming about her toilet-table, and others are playing with the armour of the disarmed hero. A Cupid, stealing into the helmet of the Macedonian hero, stretching out his head and arms, and creeping about with it on the ground, is an idea equally pretty and singular. I am not a lover of allegories in particular; but here I find Raphael has exhibited one, which, it is said, he formed after the great Greek painter Apelles; and which, considering its value in the sublimity of the art, really does honour to the poet. The subject is Calumny. Apelles, as Lucian says, was accused by a calumniator of having

joined in a conspiracy against king Ptolemy, and the painter revenged himself in the following manner. He painted Credulity with Midas's ears, sitting between Ignorance and Suspicion; she is seen giving a very kind reception to Calumny, which is represented as a handsome richly dressed woman, carrying a firebrand in her hand, and dragging Innocence after her by the hair. The latter lifts her hands and eyes towards heaven, calling for its protecting aid. In her train follows Envy, squinting, pale, and emaciated; Envy is again attended by Deceit and Cunning, who are continually occupied with decorating her. At last comes Repentance, clad in sable weeds, to whom celestial Truth, in beauteous nakedness, suddenly appears, and, at sight of her, Repentance tears her hair and gnaws her fingers. This performance is most charmingly executed.

But the allegory would perhaps be still more correct, if, in the room of Credulity, Malice, triumphant on her throne, were depicted, as it is properly she who always bids Calumny welcome. Credulity, however, ought to be one of the ladies of her court.

The Passion of Christ, by Albert Durer, is distinguished by richness and prodigious industry; and so is a poor melancholy man, by Lucas of Leyden, by its great truth. Much ingenuity of art appears in an ivory *bas relief*, by Van Opstal, representing the rape of the Sabine women; and Lebrun's drawings of the heads of men and animals, by which he endeavours to prove the analogy of resemblance between both, are extremely ingenious. It is a curious idea of Le Poussin, who drew a philosopher, writing his doctrine on the back of a youth. The miniatures, in large frames, are ex-

tremely interesting, as most of them represent celebrated persons, such as Peter the Great, Madame de Maintenon, Louis XIV., the poet Voiture, the Empress Maria Theresa, by the side of the handsome gardener's daughter of Meudon, the mistress of Louis; Ninon de L'Enclos, by the side of Cardinal de Richlieu; Madame de Sevigné, Queen Christina of Sweden; Madame Deshoulières, the poetess, and several hundred others. The curiosities of art, in precious stones, from the famous manufactory of Florence, are very numerous; among these are seven sumptuous tables of porphyry, marble, and *lapis lazuli*, in which are figures of coral, muscles, vases, superb in-laid work. In the same manner are represented the port of Leghorn, temples, sepulchral stones, &c. The Etruscan vases are very valuable, being spoils from the library of the Vatican; they

are almost all described by Winkelmann, Passeri, and Montfaucon.

3. GALLERY OF ANTIQUES, STATUES, BUSTS, BAS-RELIEFS.

I CONCLUDE as I have begun; that is to say, I communicate to the reader my feelings as well as I can, and forbid no one to feel differently, or *not at all*. Entering this gallery, my sensation resembled, though feebly, that which I usually experience when I stand under the open, serene, and starry sky. With a reverence commanding deep emotion, you find yourself in the midst of two hundred and fifty monuments of Greek and Roman antiquity. One saloon is dedicated to the emperors, another to celebrated men: this to Laocoon, that to Apollo, and a third to the Muses. Of these the admirable representations of

those different beings are the chief ornament.

Let me walk about and relate. There stands a superb Diana of Parisian marble, which has been in France since the days of king Henry IV. at which time it was the only great work of art the country possessed. She appears to be angry, and suddenly seizes an arrow to protect a hind which fled under her bow. There is said to be a family resemblance between her and her brother the Apollo of Belvedere. I proceed farther to the statue of Julian the apostate, before which I remained longer than before Diana, disregarding the danger of being laughed at by the amateurs. The latter only occupies my fancy, the former my mind. Hail, thou great hero, so wrongly judged and branded with an odious surname by christian fanatics! Thy virtues, thy philosophy, thy misfortunes, have for ever

made thee an object of reverence to every impartial man. The resemblance of his head with that of some medals is striking. So much the better! I am glad that Julian looked so. It is thought that the city of Paris caused this statue to be made during the emperor's life in Greece, to have it erected in honour of a hero who loved Paris, within the walls of which he had assumed the purple, and which city he beautified, raised to the rank of a capital, and laid the foundation of its subsequent greatness. This statue lay forgotten in the repository of a statuary, of whom the government purchased it for the museum.

Let me pass this Nero, equally vain and cruel, who caused himself to be represented as *victor in the Olympian games*, an honour which he is known to have valued more than the diadem. His head is a resemblance, but in his ordi-

nary features the statuary has flattered him. Yon colossal statue of Melpomene, not less than twelve feet high, only attracts the sight by its great size, and is in point of *extent*, the most remarkable relic of antiquity. She originally decorated Pompey's theatre, with her other eight sisters. A sarcophagus in excellent preservation pleases by the ingenious *bas reliefs* in front; on each side are the nine muses. Calliope, the epic muse, is conversing with Homer, and Erato, the muse of philosophy, with Socrates. A resting faun struck me on account of its being discovered in the country house of the good Marcus Aurelius, who has perhaps often derived pleasure from it. It is besides of great value as a monument of the arts, as it is for good reasons supposed to be a copy of the faun in bronze, by Praxiteles, which was so famous all over

Greece, as only to be called *periboetos*, i. e. celebrated.

Ariadne slumbering on the rock of Naxos, will probably not produce so strong an impression on every one as it did on me; for it is the same statue known by the name of Cleopatra (to which error a bracelet in the form of a serpent gave rise), similar to which there is an excellent copy on the landing-place in the palace of Michailow in Petersburgh; the same before which I saw and spoke to Paul I. for the last time, only twelve hours before his death. This recollection was the more lively, as the ruler of the country I was now in, resembles him in so many respects.

I must confess that the contents of the hall of the celebrated men were far more interesting to me than the statues of all the gods and goddesses. Here we

find Zeno, the chief of the stoics, and Demosthenes, the prince of orators. The latter sits, unfolding a manuscript on his knees, and seems to be lost in profound thought. The bending inwards of the upper lip appears conspicuous, and was probably the natural impediment which at first prevented his speaking intelligibly. Here stands Trajan, not as an emperor, but as a philosopher; there Sextus, whose memory remains dear to us as the uncle of Plutarch, but still more so as the teacher of the good Marcus Aurelius: here is Phocion, the most modest of heroes; he is destitute of every kind of decoration: there Menander, the *prince of modern comedy*, as the Greeks called him; he sits and seems to repose himself. O, why has not time spared his writings, as it did this marble! At this moment they would be most welcome to us; for,

from all we know of them, it appears, that our modern *Græculi* would probably find themselves the more at a loss to deny all taste to the Greeks. In a like posture with Menander, is the dramatist Posidippos, an image of great and simple truth. This figure represents a young debauchee, who ruined his health, and that a man who taught the art of restoring it: Alcibiades and Hippocrates.

I reluctantly quit this spot to hasten farther. What is more amiable than that beautiful maiden form, which is called *Ceres*, because an *innovator* has been pleased to put ears of corn into her hand. More probably she once held a book, and represented the muse Clio. A superb Urania is worthy of being her neighbour, in which the delicacy of the chissel excites admiration. A Roman matron, whose head is really a portrait, creates veneration. She was found

near Tripoli, and is not only one of the most tasteful, but likewise of the best preserved antiques. What is called the *dying gladiator* (really a *non-Roman* warrior or *barbarian*, as the Romans used to call foreigners, perhaps a German or Gaul, expiring on the field of battle), is sufficiently known by a thousand copies and imitations. It belongs to those productions which have no influence upon me. The same confession I will make respecting the celebrated Torso, and thus unburden my conscience.

How charming is the Faun with the metal spots; his serene laugh is contagious, his juvenile *naïveté* eloquent; one cheek and shoulder shine with the lustre of metal, whence its name. Equally charming is a young Roman lady, with a coif as it was worn in the brightest times of the Roman empire. The head is a portrait. Happy the father or hus-

band to whom such pure innocence belonged. Perhaps this statue was an *ex voto*, dedicated to some temple, or perhaps the ornament of the paternal mansion. It is strange, that though you do not feel yourself created to gaze at and ape others, you should at the same time feel rather shy of publishing your opinion against the majority. I am again under the same predicament respecting the *Venus de Medicis* and the *Laocoon*. How can I help it, that this Venus appears to me like a very pretty chambermaid, whom the young master of the house surprises in the utmost *desbabille*, and who does not wish in earnest to avoid his voluptuous looks? Her ears have holes bored in them, from which costly ear-rings may have been suspended. The mark on her left arm plainly shews that she once wore the bracelet called *Spinther*. It is said to be

in contemplation to restore to her these ornaments, to imitate fully the taste of the ancients, who loved to mix gold and marble. My taste, however, is not of that kind. The artist who created this Venus is said to have been Cleomenes, and to have had a peculiar skill in representing beautiful women; so much so, that Pliny mentions a Roman knight, who fell so desperately in love with one of his statues, that he died of the pain of his passion. How can I help it, that this Laocoon inspires me with a sensation like the man-eater at Berka, near Weimar, when I saw him broken upon the wheel in my infancy. "Art, sublime art!" some will say—I have every respect for art, but as I did not come hither to study anatomy, I pass on without prejudicing the opinion of any person, only let me be allowed mine, which invariably consists in this: *that*

he fine arts ought only to be employed on ne subjects; and that as the representation of Gerstenberg's excellent Ugolino ould give little pleasure upon the stage, either can Laocoon with his horrid serents. In order to withdraw my fancy rom him, I remain before the statue f the handsome youth, who is called aris, because the innovator has put an pple in his hand; yet he was really but priest of the god Mithra, whose mysteries were celebrated in grottos. He as really dug out of a cavern on the anks of the Tiber. The drapery of his armentis very tasteful, yet he is far rom being so highly finished as yon uperb youth, who was long taken for n Antinous, but upon discovering the mistake, was at one time called Theseus, t another the unbearded Hercules, and t another again Meleager, though he s now pretty unanimously pronounced

to be Mercury. Be he who he may, certain it is, he is one of the most attractive curiosities in this richest of collections. The proportion in all his parts is so beautiful, that Poussin chiefly copied from him those of the human figure. The beautiful Leucothea, the nurse of Bacchus, with her suckling in her arms, has well deserved immortality of Winkelmann. This group is one of the most ancient Greek monuments of art remaining. O! with what gentleness she smiles upon the infant! no mother will pass her unnoticed.—But stop! I stand before the Apollo of Belvedere; and for this time I gladly kneel down, uniting my astonishment and admiration with all the skilled and unskilled in this noble art. Yes, this winged foot overtook the serpent Python; already has the fatal arrow fled from the bow, every limb still shows

the exertion; indignation sits enthroned on his lip, but confidence of victory in his eye, with joy at having freed Delphos of the monster. His light locks curl in ringlets about his neck, or bear up the divine diadem. Round the right shoulder hangs his quiver suspended by a ribbon; rich sandals decorate his feet. The *chlamys* thrown back displays every part of his divine form. Ever smiling youth, nobleness, slenderness, energy, and elegance, are its chief component parts. Yes, I readily prostrate myself here, and lament with many others, that the manner in which this most excellent performance has been exposed, prevents its being seen from all sides. To make amends for this you read a new inscription, purporting, that this Apollo was found at Antium at the close of the fifteenth century; was placed by Pope Julius XI. in the Vati-

can in the beginning of the sixteenth century, conquered in the fifth year of the republic by Bonaparte, and brought hither in the eighth year, and the first of his consulate. The names of the three Consuls, and that of Lucien Bonaparte, minister of the home department, are engraven on the back. I feel almost tempted to say no more: for when the sun appears the stars vanish. But it were ungrateful not to mention the superb muses, adorning a saloon of their own, especially the fair Thalia, with her crown of ever-green, and her tambourin; both of which are allusive to her bacchanalian origin, with her comic mask; and finally with her shepherd's pipe, being also the muse of pastorals. Close to her is a fine figure of Socrates, who did not disdain her jokes, and a bust of Virgil, to whom she was so kind. At a little distance Euripides is seen sitting

a Greek inscription on the statue, contains not only the name of this immortal tragedian, but also a list of works.

Among the many excellent and interesting busts in this gallery, I name particularly the colossal one of the Emperor Adrian, and the bust of Nero, ridiculously adorned with a saint's glory, an ornament which he ordered during his life-time to be struck on the coins which bore his effigy. There are many holes in this statue, which were probably filled with precious stones. The bust of Commodus in marble is a great rarity, as the people, justly abhorring him, destroyed all his monuments; the fine bust of Galba, and the striking resemblance of Julia Mammæa, the ambitious mother of Alexander Severus, &c. &c. The beautiful antique bath seats are with pleasure noticed, particularly if you recollect with a smile, that in the

middle ages they served as a throne for the popes in the Catholic churches, and were only restored to profane antiquity by Pius VI. The colossal statue of an Egyptian idol also deserves a look, partly for its materials, being of alabaster, partly for its remote antiquity, as it probably stood in the temple of Horus. If you have seen among the *bas-reliefs* Antinous, the hunting Faun, and the charming Child with the Goose, you have seen all that particularly captivated my admiration. The Pallas of Velletri was not exhibited during my stay.

CUSTOMS AND MANNERS OF THE PARISIANS.

I. EATING AND DRINKING.

Since the people of Paris have been in the habit of sitting down to dinner between six and seven o'clock in the

evening, the afternoon's luncheon (*goûté*) has disappeared of course; only school-boys, farmers, and the inhabitants of some remote provinces, still know the pleasing spectacle of a merry circle, collecting round the busy housewife, at a table served with milk, fruit, &c. What a life! especially on the cheerful green! Scenes of this kind are still liked in Paris; but it is only on the stage of the opera house. Tea has replaced the afternoon's lunch: tea, however, is now a meal served between two and three o'clock in the morning, where every thing except this plant is to be found. Butcher's meat, game, frothing wines, punch, bishop, are the chief component parts of tea. In some of the great towns of France, great luncheons are said to be still in vogue at christenings; when they are called *collations*. All imaginable dainties are lavished on this occasion,

but every thing is served up cold. The description of an afternoon's lunch, is still to be found in the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, where Madame Wolmar has prepared one in her Elysium. At Paris the afternoon's lunch has even disappeared at the distribution of the prizes to the diligent young students. An ambitious host would be at no small loss, were he now-a-days requested suddenly to provide an elegant afternoon's lunch. I have, however, been told, that in cases of emergency it may be effected in the following style:

A huge tart by Cauchois or Leblanc, is placed on the middle of the table, at both sides cheeses, and cream *à la vanille*, or *à la rose*, half whipt, half iced, and seasoned with pistachios. These articles are to be provided by Mesdames Labour, or Lambert, who are deemed the best cream-makers in Paris. Six plates

surround the tart with the choicest fruits from the widow Fontaine. Place *brioches* by Le Sage at the four corners; *Meringues à la creme* from Benard; cakes *à l'abbesse* and tartlets by Georges, and *wafers* by Van Roosmalen. In fine, four pyramids must be raised in the corners of dry or liquid preserved fruit by Oudard and Berthellemot; *pepper cakes* and *marsipannes* by Hemart; confectionary by Rougot, and jellies by Janvel. But all these nice things would stick in the throat, if they were not washed down with *frontignac* from Tailleur's, and different *liqueurs* from Lemoine. Among the latter ought to be particularly recommended the *créme d'Arabie*, of which the maker's bill assures the public, that it is bottled *velvet* (*du velours en bouteilles.*) This liquid velvet is a real delicacy, both in flavour and taste. I have exported some, and

several dainty friends of mine allow, that they never drank any thing equal to it. It is a proverbial saying here, that *breakfast* is for *friends*, *dinner belongs* to *etiquette*, *afternoon's lunch* to *children*, and *supper* to *Love!* for its hour borders on the shepherd's hour. The bustle of day is gone, business done, repose is inviting, the wax candles diffuse a soft light, the women are then most amiable, for the hour of their unbounded sway is nigh, for which reason many of them have taken a total leave of the sun. Happy he who can boast of belonging to a good woman *at all times of the day;* yet let him, whom the care of providing the means of subsistence immerses in the vulgar crowd during the day, seek refreshment at night at the round table, with a cheerful and a tender female neighbour. The muses too are propitious at the evening meal. While the

cork flies from the sparkling champagne; wit sallies forth; bon mots rise like sky-rockets from all quarters; every one is witty, and communicates his wit; though he should only have collected it in the morning of that day.

So it was at Paris, at least formerly. So it was at those celebrated suppers, when courtiers, citizens, and learned men, associated together; when equality reigned, and high rank was only to be distinguished by a finer taste, and a more graceful ease of manners: where the real *ton* of the world shewed how to be tenderly mindful of the self-love of every guest; and when the beauty and toast of the day, and the poet in fashion, were mixed with the all-powerful minister and the minion of the court.

Alas! The torrent of the revolution has swept all this away. Those suppers were replaced with *fraternal* meals, as

they were called, in the middle of the open street, at which presided the fraternity of Cain and Abel: for there never was less liberty and equality in France than when those words were inscribed on every house. Manners, wealth, dignities, good sense and wit, all had taken a different direction, and could the existing remains of those societies of old be brought together, they would hardly find the genuine *ton* again. Suppers are little cared for by the Parisians of the present day. And how should it be possible in a city, where they dine in the evening, where the plays end at midnight, where the rage of gaming has broken loose in all companies, where the rich (allowing a few exceptions) are destitute of knowledge, where the women are without education, and where (as a Parisian journal says) respect and polite deportment,

(égards et politesse) will soon be known only by name? This judgment, given by a nice observer, is severe, and for my part I cannot altogether subscribe to it; having only visited a few of the best houses.

In vain it has been attempted to replace the suppers by tea; they have no resemblance to each other; nay, those costly tea parties, which are only to be found in the houses of the opulent, resemble *nothing*, as they resemble *all*. Neither wit nor delicacy are to be found at these bastard meals; there is no entertainment nor soup, no bon mot nor roast. We have copious dishes full of cold viands, as difficult to digest as the conversation of many a rude Midas that has them placed before him. Calembourgs instead of wit; quizzing instead of epigrams; petulancy instead of mirth; and, to season the whole, a *ton*,

to which the remains of the ancient good societies find it utterly impossible to habituate themselves. Besides, an arrogance often prevails among them, which forms a strange contrast with republican sentiments. The Dukes and Peers of the monarchy were much more polite than the army contractors of the republic.

Suppers cannot possibly come in vogue again, unless manners and customs should take a very different turn.

A reasonable man can feel no other want than to lie down to rest at two o'clock in the morning; but this is the very hour when people sit down to supper. The tea of the present day is also more pernicious to health than the suppers of old. Formerly people went to supper at ten o'clock, and rose at latest at twelve, not immediately to retire as the modern *ton* prescribes, but to re-

turn to the drawing-room, when the servants were ordered away, and the entertainment became the more pleasant and cheerful. The minister and the court then passed under review; anecdotes of scandal were whispered, or an epigram or verse of the day rehearsed. These were moments of intimacy, the most delightful for a man of sense, and an observer; there seldom was any gaming. And what do they now? The mind, as we see, has gained nothing by the change, nor have even the epicures been benefited by it.

Now I come to the breakfast. A dish of tea, or lime-tree blossom water, or even milk coffee as it is fabricated in the Parisian style, are no longer sufficient to serve till dinner, which at present is later than supper used to be in the reign of Charles VII. Hence have arisen the fork breakfasts; (*dejeuners à*

la fourchette,) which were formerly despised, and as a vulgar custom only left to common people and travellers. Now they are very usual in the houses of the rich in modern France. Business seldom begins before ten o'clock. About one the cloth is laid on a mahogany table, and a number of dishes with cold meat and great variety of wines are served. No warm dishes are suffered, with the exception at most of pigeons *à la crapaudine*, fowls *à la tartare*, *petites pattées au jus*, kidneys (a very favourite dish) and little sausages. But there are sallads, cold meat, venison and ham pies, and you commence with oysters from the celebrated rock of Cancale. The poor pensioner of state, and the sober son of the muses certainly cannot afford such breakfasts. The income of the former would barely suffice for a week, and the fancy of the latter would

be overwhelmed with the weight of the pasties. When Boileau sang : *Horace à lui son soul quand il voit les ménades*, he surely did not allude to the breakfasts of the present day. Too much temperance may indeed not refresh the vital spirits, but too great a profusion of juicy messes stifle them entirely. But the votary of the muses must also have something to enable him to wait his dinner hour without murmuring; something light yet solid, to satisfy the cravings of his appetite ; something palatable yet cheap ; compressing in a small space many satiating ingredients, yet without preventing the consumer from doing honour to a dinner. This problem has been solved by chocolate. Twenty years ago it was only drunk by old people, but now by every one who is not rich enough to live high, or wishes to preserve his natural cheerfulness of spirits.

From this it has happened, that this nectar, which was formerly only prepared in the apothecaries shops, or by two or three manufacturers of acknowledged merit, is now imitated by so many bunglers, that you have every moment to dread being poisoned, or at least all kinds of stomach complaints; for there are sorts of chocolate in Paris, for which they use every ingredient except cocoa. The best at present in that metropolis is furnished by one Bauvé, *Rue St. Dominique*, No. 1020. I have given his address particularly for the benefit of those who labour under consumptive or phthysical complaints, as the same person manufactures an excellent chocolate of health for them. It is likewise to be had genuine at the coffee-house Corazza, in the Palais Royal. In many other coffee-houses it occasions nausea, pressure of the stomach, obstructions,

and a whole catalogue of similar ailments.

The dinner is well known to be the most important object of life, three hundred and sixty-five times in the year, particularly now that it is served in the evening, every face is seen to lengthen if it be delayed but a few minutes beyond the appointed time; but all countenances brighten up as soon as the butler with a clean napkin on his arm steps in, saying the magic words, *Madame est servie.* After some ceremonies, which many, however, shorten by putting names upon the plates, and thus chain their guests to neighbours whom they would not perhaps have chosen, the company sit down to a soup scalding hot, because it must be so. Every palate seems to be lined with mosaic work, or to be endowed with the faculty of the incombustible Spaniard, so little do you

observe the slightest distortion of a single feature, while swallowing this liquid fire. *Boulli*, with *love-apple sauce (sauce aux thomates)*, or with *aperitive mustard (à la moutarde aperitive)*, by the celebrated *Mailhé*, used very lately to be the solid foundation of every dinner; but now boiled beef has lost its credit, probably because the soup has previously extracted its most nutritive part. While the *rélevés*, which are served instead of soup, are carving, the company is regaled with *entrées*, or side-dishes.*

In the north of Europe we have carvers who perform their office in a better and more relishing manner, and then send round the dishes, by which many useless ceremonies are avoided. But at

* It is impossible to translate all the new-fangled French culinary technical terms, there being, for the most part, no words in our language capable of expressing them.

Paris, either the master of the house, or the guest before whom the dish happens to be placed, carves and serves about. Thus no person can help himself, but must be satisfied with what is set before him. The roast meat must be *fumet*, a little tainted, or just on the go. Of superior wines, you are presented with Champagne, Burgundy, and Bourdeaux. The *entremêts* form a distinguished part of great dinners. Huge Thoulouse, Strasburgh, or Perigueux pasties are placed in the middle, and particular skill is required to serve them. Then come vegetables, rendered *piquant* by every possible contrivance, and at both ends of the table are placed creams and baked confectionary, particularly agreeable to the palates of ladies and children. These, however, are not valued by real epicures, who usually conclude their dinner with a roast. I should not omit to mention,

that in all good houses there is a great consumption of *truffles*, which are often found in dishes where they are little expected. They are likewise eaten by themselves in all manner of shapes.

To this succeeds the dessert, by which an able artist may gain great reputation, since, to furnish it in a proper style of elegance, he must be a confectioner, a painter, an architect, a statuary, and a florist. At some entertainments given at Paris, the dessert alone has cost two thousand louis d'ors. The epicures only feast their eyes on it, and eat at most a slice of Rochefort cheese. The ices and coffee must be excellent, but the latter is rarely made in such a manner as to retain the whole of its aromatic flavour, even in the best houses. You then drink a glass of *liqueur* by Lemoine, which is the best next to the *liqueur des isles*, and leaves for a long time an

after-taste resembling the perfumes of Arabia.

If the reader has by this time conceived a high idea of private living at Paris, he ought by no means to imagine that he would fare any worse at the houses of the better class of *restaurateurs*. Their accommodations are indeed some of the best that I am acquainted with. From four till seven o'clock in the afternoon, and even at later hours, there is always to be found at their houses the greatest and most dainty variety of ready dressed victuals. You enter a very spacious saloon (sometimes communicating with several others) elegantly furnished, and adorned with pier glasses and columns. Small tables, for one or two persons, are placed close to the wall: these are so near to each other, that if you chuse you may talk to your neighbour, and yet so far distant that you

may if you please avoid entering into conversation. Smart waiters, with aprons as white as snow, run about by dozens. As soon as one of them perceives that you are inclined to sit down at one of the small tables, he presents a bill of fare *(carte)*, containing a list of all the dishes and wines to be had, with the price of each portion annexed; so that, should a person even not understand French, he may remain silent, and merely point out with his finger what he would have. The waiter instantly flies, and usually brings it in less than two minutes. Should a dish, however, be called for, the entire preparation of which requires a little more time, the waiter then informs you the number of minutes you must wait. In the mean time you may call for another dish that is ready, examine the company, or read the public papers, of which some of the most popu-

ire always to be found on the table. ether a stranger eat much or little, ie dear or cheap dishes, drink choice ommon wines, it makes no differ-, he will be served with equal ala-r, and with looks equally pleasing. en he has done, and calls for the *(carte payante)*, the waiter hastens the rapidity of lightning to the woman, called at Paris *la limonadière*, nform her that the gentleman at the e numbered so and so wishes to pay. *limonadière* is a person indispensably ssary for every coffee-house and *re-rateur:* she has an elevated seat in a l of pulpit, with pen and ink, and a ıber of slips of paper. As soon as stomer enters, she takes out a slip him; every thing he calls for is re-ed to her by the waiter, and instant-oted down. It is easy to imagine often she is obliged to go from one

bill to another, owing to the great number of customers. When the bill is demanded, she has nothing to do but to sum it up, and thus every person, at the end of his repast, receives a written account, which he can compare with the printed bill of fare, to ascertain whether the prices charged in the former are all right. The *limonadière* is usually surrounded with all the requisites for a dessert, and is often seated behind a bulwark, as it were, of dishes full of fruit, creams, and preserves.

I would recommend to every traveller to dine, at least once, at Grignon's, near the Palais Royal, not because his fare is superior to the others, but because he has two very pretty daughters, who perform the functions of *limonadières* in two different saloons, and are distinguished by such inexpressible modesty, that I could almost lay a wager they do not

know the looks of one in a hundred of their daily customers, for their eyes are cast down with such obstinacy, that it is impossible for any longing look to put them out of countenance, and at the same time they perform their business with zeal and amiable *naïveté*. Grignon's house is much frequented by Germans; the victuals are good, and the wines tolerable: his prices form the medium between those of his great and often insolent, and his little and often dirty colleagues.

In order to give the reader an accurate idea of the excellent fare to be met with at the houses of the best *restaurateurs*, I will briefly mention the contents of one of their bills of fare, called *carte*. I take them from Very's, in the Palais Royal, who, since the establishment of Naudet, is no longer considered as the first. *Imprimis*, you have the choice of

nine different soups, which are followed by seven sorts of pies. Those who do not like pies may have oysters at ten sous, or five pence English, per dozen; and there are always women attending in the hall who do nothing but open them. The *hors d'œuvres* (small cold dishes) are twenty-five in number; among which are the famous pigs' feet of St. Menehoult, all sorts of pickled sea-fish, herb sallad, hogs' puddings, hams, and such like articles. Many are accustomed to lay a foundation with beef dressed in fourteen different ways; likewise beef steaks and roast beef. After laying a solid foundation, the bill offers you thirty-one *entrées* of wild and tame fowls, and twenty-eight of veal and mutton. The choice is difficult, particularly as a foreigner, not accustomed to Paris, cannot always understand and translate into his own lan-

guage the technical French appellations. What foreigner, for instance, would at first know what is meant by a *mayonnaise de poulet*, a *galatine de volaille*, a *cotelette à la minute*, or even an *épigramme d'agneau?* It often happens too, that, seduced by some high-sounding name, you order something that does not afterwards answer your expectation. This, however, is never the case with the fish, of which there are twenty-eight kinds; carp, eels, cod, salmon, sturgeon, pike, gudgeon, cabliau, mackarel, flounders, perch, cockles, trout, soles, &c. &c. all to be had in one day! It must be acknowledged that those who are fond of fish cannot fare badly at Paris. There is likewise abundance of roast: fifteen different sorts are to be had, the dearest of which are fat Normandy capons, red partridges, and snipes. Besides the roast, the *entremets*, or side-dishes, ought

not to be omitted; they are very numerous, and tempt the appetite under forty-eight different forms. There are also all kinds of vegetables, whether in season or not; asparagus and green peas are always at command; there are eggs and pancakes dressed in various ways, jellies and creams, macaronies and truffles in champagne, champignons and craws, cherries and apricots. A great eater, were his appetite ever so voracious, cannot rise from table hungry: but should he still have a little room left, thirty-one different articles of dessert will afford him an opportunity of filling it up; if he be not (as great eaters should be) fond of sweet things, preserves, confectionary, fresh and dried fruit, &c. he will not refuse a slice of *fromage de Rochefort*, *de Brie*, *de Neufchatel*, or even of Cheshire. He may abundantly moisten his solids with

twenty-two sorts of red, and seventeen of white wine, being perfectly at liberty to chuse either a bottle of good, ordinary table wine, for an English shilling, or one of *clos vougeot* at eight shillings. Seven kinds of *liqueur wines* then await him; these are, however, drunk only out of small glasses; and after taking his coffee, he has the option of sixteen sorts of *liqueurs*, and is at liberty to select that which he thinks most worthy of terminating the whole repast.

Sumptuously and plentifully as the first *restaurateurs* are provided, let no one imagine that even these are extravagantly dear. I have often dined at Very's, and even at Naudet's, and chosen four or five nice dishes, for it is scarcely possible to partake of more. These, including some good wine, seldom cost more than two dollars (eight shillings). If you dine with a friend, you have the

pleasure of tasting double the number of dishes, as both take but one portion at a time. The wine is usually brought in whole bottles; but if a person drinks only half, he pays for no more.

Whoever wishes or is obliged to live with economy, may likewise be easily accommodated. There are many *restaurateurs* who give dinners for forty or even for thirty-six sous; soup, *bouilli*, two other dishes of meat, a side-dish, bread *ad libitum*, something by way of dessert, and a bottle of very drinkable table wine. There is no occasion to confine yourself to any particular items in the bill of fare, but you have the choice of between fifteen and twenty different articles. I tried once or twice to dine in this cheap manner; for example, at the *Parthenope*, in the Palais Royal; and I must acknowledge that though a dainty person would perhaps

not be fully gratified, yet a sober man of business would deem the fare quite sufficient. I can scarcely conceive how it is possible for such a small price to afford so many good, though plain, family dishes.

For persons of the poorer sort, I will here add a few more addresses of cheap houses, though I have not been at them myself. *Letellier, rue St. Honoré*, gives soup, four dishes, a dessert, bread, and a pint of wine, for thirty-six sous. Another person in the Palais Royal, No. 643, offers the same, one dish excepted, for only twenty-five sous (scarcely thirteen pence). His bill of fare bears the following inscription: *Come and dine for one livre five sous a head.*

I cannot conclude this subject without mentioning one place, which the remembrance of French friendship, hospitality, wit and gaiety, will never suffer

me to forget; I mean the *cabaret* (public house) the sign of the *Rock of Cancale*. Let none be shocked at the vulgar appellation of a public-house; the landlord was too prudent to assume any other. Very genteel and fashionable people frequent this house, which affords the best oysters and sea fish of any in Paris. He likewise gives good dinners, in small, separate rooms, where you may be alone with a select party of convivial friends. This advantage may likewise be enjoyed at many of the *restaurateurs*. Hither I frequently went with my friends, the comic poets, Bouilly, Duval, Arnault, (author of *Marius à Minturne)* Andrieux, Picard, Longchamps, the interesting Talma, the honest and jovial Michot, and many others, spending the merry hours, seasoned with wit and effusions of genius. It was here that I was initiated into the

profound mysteries of the *Calembourg*, where no political cloud durst disturb the heavens, which we stormed with corks from bottles of champagne. Meanwhile, I cannot forbear noticing the remark once made by a person, "that our company was at that moment perhaps the only merry one in all Paris."

DRESS.

I WILL begin this subject with introducing a ludicrous conversation which Madame de Genlis either invented or overheard. A woman, who formerly followed the business of a hoop-maker, and a *ci-devant* stay-maker, accidentally met on a bench in the garden of the Thuileries; the former addressed the latter as follows.

Hoop-maker. Do you live in this part of the town, Sir?

Stay-maker. Yes, Madam, and you too, I suppose?

H. Ah! I had once a numerous acquaintance here, and kept the shop with the sign of the golden hoop.

S. What, that shop on the right hand, where ladies hoop-petticoats used to be sold?

H. The very same. We kept it from father to child for fifty-six years.—But since the revolution—

S. Why, yes! *Adieu paniers,** *vendanges sont faites*, as the song says. I am in the same predicament. I was ladies' taylor, made stays, and my wife caps, *à la carcasse.*

H. (Sighing) Ah! If you compare those times with these—

* A play upon words incapable of being translated. *Panier* signifies both a basket and a hoop-petticoat.

S. What a difference!

H. (Looking at a young female passing by) Lord! only see that figure!

S. What, the lady in the lawn gown?

H. Yes! In March! a lawn gown just over her shift.

S. Nay, that is done even in January.

H. Does she not look like a bundle of sticks? And only see how close her dress sits to her body.

S. Tighter than a pair of breeches.

H. (Holding her fan before her face) Fie! O fie!

S. Why, the very children ape this nonsense. I yesterday saw my daughter, a child of six years old, playing with her sister, when she, all at once, took the train of her gown, together with her shift, and threw them over her head. "What are you doing there, hussy?" said I. *Je me drappe*—I am putting on my drapery, was her answer.

H. Nay, this is mere childish simplicity.

S. So it is. Our girls and young women have an excuse for every thing. They represent Greeks, or statues, or arrange their drapery. They will wear nothing but the finest muslins, without any starch.

H. Alas! starching is quite out of fashion! Yet it looked so pretty to see gauze and stuffs so well stiffened, that they felt like paper. I had an aunt who formerly starched for all the ladies of the court, and now, notwithstanding her genius at starching, she has not a morsel of bread to eat.

S. Very natural; for the dresses of our present ladies must absolutely be like a wet cloth, because it sticks the closer. I may yet live to see them finish their toilet with bathing, instead of beginning with it. They will jump, com-

pletely dressed, into the bathing machine. Besides, they already wash their hair, instead of having it dressed; and they will assuredly not stop here.

H. Aye, aye, all the rest will follow the head. But it requires no great skill to throw yourself into water when you have nothing but a shift on your back.

S. What would be the consequences? There would be no occasion for laundresses.

H. Terrible! terrible indeed! I have myself two daughters who are laundresses.

S. And I a son who is a hair-dresser. You may easily guess what profit is to be obtained by cropping *à la Titus*. And then the starch-maker, my son-in-law.

H. Ah! lackaday! powder is not worn either now-a-days.

S. You will allow that this state of things cannot last.

H. What can the government be about?

S. God knows! But I say, if stays and hoops are not introduced again into France, farewell to morals.

H. That's as clear as the sun.

S. O the excellent old costume! it was invented to keep women of too melting a character a little within bounds. If a young lady had two large pockets, weighing five or six pounds, heels to her shoes four inches high, a good stout pair of stays like a coat of mail, a hoop-petticoat six yards in circumference, a head-dress two feet in height, a gown of stuff as thick as leather, a stiff collar with brass wire, in which her head was so pilloried up that she could move it neither to the right nor to the left, a nosegay at her bosom larger than her head, diamond ear-rings broader than her hand; if a lady, I say, were dressed

in this manner, she would be obliged to lay aside that levity in her air and manners which now so universally prevails.

H. Yes, truly, a lady was in those times, as it were, shut up in a citadel: by these means the most wanton of them kept the men at a certain distance.

S. Yes, indeed, for if she had attempted to violate decorum, she would have run the risk in the first place of breaking her neck, in the second of ruffling her starched lace, and in the third of shaking all the powder out of her frizzled pate; instead of this, they now—

H. O, now they may do what they please, and nobody will even perceive it. But how is it possible that fathers, mothers, and husbands, should permit them to undress themselves in this manner?

S. I have nothing to reproach myself

with; for as soon as they began to introduce boddices only, instead of whalebone stays, I immediately prophesied the revolution.

H. So did I when they began to diminish the hoops. The worst of all is, that the public don't seem sorry for the change.

In this manner they continued to converse for some time, till, at length, they resolved to present a petition to the Government, and if it did not attend to their request, they would declare it to be absurd.

The above conversation describes in a striking manner the present fashion of dressing, which is certainly the most tempting that Satan could have invented to attract the voluptuous eye of men. The clothes now called decent, no girl of the town would formerly have been allowed to wear in public. If this goes

on, and why should it not, our great great grand-children, a century hence, will be able to clothe their daughters at a trifling expence. The idea that those descendants will perhaps wear only aprons of fig-leaves, may now appear ludicrous: but, pray, is the difference between the present transparent *chemise* and a fig-leaf greater than that between the former and the hoop-petticoats of old? I think not, and therefore hope that, with God's assistance, we shall bring things still farther.

Some peevish hypochondriacs are indeed of opinion that, in this case, we must implore heaven to grant us a change of our terrestrial globe, under the idea that a milder climate may prove more propitious to naked beauty. But I really think that people make too much fuss about the present naked mode of dressing, and its prejudicial in-

fluence upon health. Man and potatoes may be inured to any thing. In the conflict of the fair sex with the inclemency of the weather, I have seen wonders of valour performed in Paris. Health is now the fashion; no lady is heard to complain of a current of air, or such like inconveniencies; their heads are never troubled with vapours; the *belles* are all fresh and healthy, eat and drink with a good appetite, and spoil no company by complaining of the sick headache. Indeed, these advantages ought likewise to be appreciated; and if it be recollected that twenty or thirty years ago one could not go on a party of pleasure, with the assurance of enjoying it, because the females were always accompanied with as many ailments as Cupids, we ought now to prize them for being so much the better for the change.

Rouge is no longer used; white paint

is far more interesting. A white painted Parisian lady is compared to a portrait of Psyche, by Gerrard; and this fashion of painting is called *à la Psyche*. Thus the ladies make use only of white paint, and leave the red to *the gentlemen!!* Yes, to the gentlemen! Yonder *Titus*, who affects so much simplicity, who has banished powder, perfumes and silk clothes, preserves exactly the most effeminate part of the old fashions; that florid colour, which makes such an excellent contrast with his black wig, is artificial.

For her morning toilet, immediately after the bath, a Parisian lady requires *savon des sultanes*, (sultana soap) *ekmelek*, (essence of roses) *huile antique*; and above all, *Demoiselle Matthieu's lotion*, which, doubtless, makes the old young and the ugly handsome. To her dress every part of the world must contri-

bute; English cloth, Egyptian shawls, Irish shoes, Roman sandals, Indian muslins, Mechlin lace, Lyons embroidery, Turin silks. The head is ornamented with a periwig *à la Titus*, a *chignon*, *à la Nina*, or a cap *au repentir d'Eulalie*. Some time since, the ladies borrowed cloth dresses and gaiters from the gentlemen, who in their turn robbed them of their white hats, which, however, did not long continue in fashion. The curls of the hair are no longer ungratefully left without a name; there are now *moral*, *religious*, and *sentimental curls*. The latter, however, are no longer in fashion, and the tufts of hair on the crown of the head, being called *temperament*, it lately afforded a wit the opportunity of making the following bon mot: *Nos femmes ont quittés les sentimens, elles n'ont plus que du temperament*—"Our ladies have renounced sentiment, and

have now nothing left but temperament." Others call this tuft a *coup de vent*, or gust of wind; inferring that it arose from a gust of wind at the same time from before and behind. Those ladies only are *d'un certain genre*, who wear kerseymere shawls and lace veils; the rest belong to the *espèces*. The *grande parure* is very simple; no paint, no powder, the hair a little in disorder, a diadem of brilliants, a lace tunic, no hoop petticoat, no veil, but only flowers. Of the court-dress I have already spoken. At the second consul's, among many ladies elegantly dressed, I saw Madame Talleyrand, in an upper robe of black velvet, resembling a riding habit; and on her head she wore a kind of travelling hat, at least so it appeared to me; and certain it is, that she greatly distinguished herself from the rest.

A *petite maitresse*, says a wag, wants

every year 365 head-dresses, and as many pair of shoes, 600 dresses and 12 shifts. Her furniture must be Grecian, Roman, Etruscan, Turkish, Arabic, Chinese, Persian, Egyptian, English, and Gothic, but by no means French. This furniture ought to cost 50,000 francs per annum, the bed excepted, which alone requires 20,000 francs. Thirty thousand more must be expended for boxes at the play-house, and the insertion of paragraphs in the journals, and in acts of beneficence only one hundred!!

Since shifts have ceased to be in fashion, a genteel or brilliant equipage is one of the first requisites. The word *carosse* (carriage) is become quite obsolete. In the morning the female fashionables drive out in a curricle; in the evening in a diligence, which is now hung very low. They take an airing in the

country in a *tape-cul*, go to the play in a *berlin*, to public entertainments in a *chariot*, to creditors in a *demi-fortune*, to their husbands in a *dormeuse*, and to their paramours in a *diligence*. Those ladies, who are so extremely unfortunate as to have no equipage, walk in the morning in an Amazon habit, with a kind of hussar-cap, and laced half-boots. Some time ago it was the fashion to carry a book in their hands, as if with the intention of sitting down beneath some tree to read. Furs are again in request, and even muffs, which form a strange contrast with the rest of their dress, dedicated to the zephyrs.

Ridicules are no longer to be met with, on which account the embarrassment for the pocket-handkerchief is rendered the more striking. A mother once asked her daughter: "Why do you suffer that huge overgrown fellow, who looks

like a model in a church-steeple, to be continually following you?"—"Lord!" replied the daughter, "I must blow my nose, must not I?" (He actually carried her handkerchief.)

Notwithstanding this rage for fashions, there is still a quarter or district of Paris, the inhabitants of which are but little acquainted with them; I mean the *Marais*. That quarter is inhabited by persons who are not in easy circumstances; their dress is characterized by decency and plainness, and among them are to be found modest and virtuous females, whom nobody will marry. Those families, however, whose circumstances improve, and especially young people, who find the *ton* there too stiff and formal, soon quit this quarter, which they chose for cheapness.

The art of a tailor now consists in sewing together five or six sacks, which

are called waistcoats and breeches. I still remember the time when the assistance of two persons was required to work you into a pair of breeches; now they are made so loose as to shake about the thighs. Pantaloons are but little worn at present; and great-coats, with several capes, are left to the lackeys. Hats, with white feathers, belong exclusively to livery-servants; those of their masters must be black. Half *negligée*, in which the slave of fashion appears on the stage, is a round, broad-brimmed, Dutch hat, velvet breeches of the colour of faded leaves (a kind of stuff formerly worn only by tinkers and mountaineers), boots *à la Suworrow*, with yellow tops, a coat that cannot be buttoned without difficulty, in order to shew the shape, and a great number of waistcoats, the more the better. Thus one looks like a *paillasse*, another like a

hackney-coachman, this like a jockey, that like a post-boy, and thus, too, the gentlemen find their mirror in each other.

The *elegants*, or beaux, are now divided into two classes; the one being that just described, the other wearing a black coat, waistcoat, and breeches, white silk stockings, shoes and buckles, bags and swords. The former give the *ton* in the morning at the *déjeuners à la fourchette*, at the *diners sans ceremonie*, in the *Bois de Boulogne*, in the streets, and in the *boudoirs;* the latter at the *grands diners*, at balls, tea-parties, assemblies, or *salles de compagnie*, &c. &c.

The gentlemen likewise patch their dress together from all parts of the globe: Holland linen, Prussian hats, Russian boots, English waistcoats. In their great-coats they have small pockets near the breast, which have usurped the name of *ridicules*, because, since those

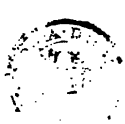
bags were banished, they have been used for holding the ladies' pocket-handkerchiefs and opera-glasses. The queues are not fastened to the cropped hair, but stuck into the collar of the coat, so that, if the young gentlemen happen to stoop, a vacancy appears between the hair and the queue.

One of the principal occupations of the young people, of both sexes, is to pat and rub up the tufts of hair on the crown of the head, just as cats and squirrels pass their paws over their heads. However easy this mode of wearing the hair may appear, still the hair-dresser continues to be an important character in the state. All hair-dressers are now styled artists. In their shops are generally exhibited a number of wax-busts, Greek and Roman; the men usually resembling Bonaparte. One of these artists, in order to *arrange* a head, as it is

called, surveys the object from every side, bids the owner of the head look up to the sky, then down to the ground, and then straight forward; makes him walk, dance, blow his nose, &c. "*Mon-*" *sieur*," says he, at last, "*c'est assez*;" it is enough, I know what you want, a mixture of Titus, Caracalla, and Alcibiades. Look at this bust; this little Titus curl is extremely *kind*, but it is of the utmost moment to blend with it the stern severity of this curl of Caracalla; and, to render it more lively, we will add a coquettish little curl of Alcibiades. Lord, Sir! where were you before you entered this gallery? A barbarian has horribly mutilated your hair: its complexion is a pale *pouce*, a happy ugliness. This is the very antique colour. Your eyes are black *à faire plaisir*, your hair black *à faire horreur*."

Enough. I shall conclude with this

general rule (whether it be still at this moment in force, God knows), whoever wishes to pass for an *elegant* at Paris, must have his hair dressed by *Armand*, his coat made by *Catel*, his breeches by *Henry*, and his shoes by *Astley*. But he who does not care to figure in such a manner, among such people, may go in his ordinary clothes, or what he has brought with him, wherever he likes. Nobody will notice it. The best method of making your way is to wear an uniform. Almost every person wears them; even civil uniforms, which are very different, and, in general, elegantly embroidered with gold or silver. The uniform of the National Institute is particularly distinguished by taste and plainness, being dark grey, embroidered with green laurel-sprigs.



ATTEMPTS AT MATRIMONIAL MATCHES.

A WEEK seldom passes at Paris, in which frequent attempts are not made by gentlemen, and sometimes even by ladies, through the medium of the public papers, to meet with a partner. Whether they are often successful cannot be ascertained; but that they are sometimes attended with success may be inferred, as otherwise recourse would not so often be had to the same channel. The object is not always what is really called *marriage*, and the advertisements are frequently expressed in equivocal terms. I shall introduce some examples, which cannot fail of being interesting to the observer of manners.

"A bachelor of forty, versed in literature, a cheerful companion, of pleasing manners, *good family*, and in tolerably

easy circumstances, wishes to meet with a maiden lady, or widow, without children, from twenty-six to thirty-four years of age, well-bred, intelligent, and without property, to be united (*à s'unir*), and to live happily together."

Does this *unite* signify to *marry?* I don't know. At any rate one cannot help observing what stress the French again lay upon being of a good family.

"A man, thirty-eight years old, who is his own master, &c. &c. wishes to find a lady who has some property, and would join in company with him." The word marry is again eluded here.

"A healthy widower, sixty years old, without children, possessing a yearly income of 1400 francs, and who has for these ten years inhabited neat apartments near the Thuileries, seeks a lady of a *suitable age*, of agreeable temper, and some property, to whom he might make

such proposals as would be acceptable; or he is willing to receive proposals from her. His sole aim is their mutual happiness." This old Corydon, likewise, is careful not to mention matrimony. He, too, like the former, makes it a condition that the lady must not be poor. For the rest, it is worthy of remark that he boasts of his lodgings being near the Thuileries, a circumstance particularly tempting to a French woman.

"A young widow, in every respect interesting, both with regard to character, personal accomplishments, and education, having lost her fortune, wishes to keep company with a single person." That, by this single person, a man is meant, is plain, from her praising her figure, which, if it had been addressed to females, would have been superfluous, perhaps even prejudicial.

"A single young lady, thirty years of

of good family, with 16,000 francs, a pretty considerable property in ables, wishes for a legitimate union *unir legitimement)*, with a man be- n thirty and forty-five years of age, has a situation in some office, or sses some property." At last here e who wishes for a *legitimate union.* as the word *legitimement* must be d next to *unir*, to shew this legiti- , it is clear that all the others, who been speaking of *union* and *unite*, out this addition, could not have imony in view. We see, at least, this example, how far a female, 16,000 francs, may be brought, if wns herself to be thirty years old, is of course forty.

A man, sixty-three years old, in health, and a widower, without ren, wishes to become acquainted a lady (endowed with all the qua-

LADIES OF PLEASURE, AND OTHERS OF THAT DESCRIPTION.

THE frail sisterhood are not only as numerous at present as they were before the revolution, but their number appears to have increased considerably. Now, indeed, they are allowed to carry on their work of darkness only by night, and the lewd tenants of the Palais Royal have permission to stroll about, only after dark, under the arcades of the palace. They are then to be seen sallying forth in swarms from their holes, and exposing their naked charms in all weathers. It is inconceivable how these poor wretches can preserve their health even for a week together. They have absolutely nothing on their backs but a very fine dress, which is as white as snow, and fits extremely tight. Under

this they probably wear no shift, as the latter would, at least, be rendered perceptible by some folds, since these girls are often seen in long rows, walking under the well-lighted piazzas or arcades, and drawing their thin dress tight behind them, that nothing of their shape may be lost. Add to this, that their bosoms are uncovered almost down to the navel, and their legs to above the calves, and you will scarcely be able to conceive how they hold it out for six hours in December. Under the arcades they have, indeed, some protection from the inclemency of the weather, where they may walk and stand under cover; but they seem to disregard it, and bid defiance to all inconveniencies in the open streets, if they think they can exhibit their allurements to greater advantage.

This sort of game is certainly ex-

tremely abundant at the corners of *Rue Vivienne*, and *Rue Neuve des Petits Champs*, for I never left the Palais Royal in an evening, without finding whole crowds of them in those quarters; and once, when I took the trouble, I counted no less than fourteen on the same spot. A drizzling rain was falling at the time, and the street was very muddy, but none of the girls offered to stir. I think, however, that they are not so importunate as they were thirteen years ago. It is only where it is dark that they speak to those who pass by; near the lamps they merely expose themselves as it were for shew. Of all the fourteen whom I mentioned above, there was but one who ventured to lean on my arm, and beg me to take her into my fur because it was very cold. This I should readily have believed, without her swearing an oath; but she soon loosed her hold,

when I drily answered: "No, Mademoiselle." The only liberty they take, on such occasions, is to make the half-bantering reproach: "*Vous êtes cruel!*".

Thirteen years ago they were so bold, that three or four of them together would surround any one that passed, and, in spite of his reluctance, would forcibly detain him several minutes. On this account it might then have been more lawful to repel them with rudeness: now the case is quite different. I would advise no person to treat this class of female citizens with incivility. They immediately call the guard, who seem to have orders to protect them as much as possible; for I once happened to be present at an affair of this kind, where a young man, though he solemnly protested his innocence, was taken into custody, and carried off by the police guard, in consequence of a combination

of these girls, who were too mah
him.

Among many hundred females o
description, I have scarcely seen five
were handsome. Before the revol
there were many fine faces exhib
the sign of modesty, but now the
all the very picture of impudence
vulgarity. Many negro-women, at
sent, spoil the trade of these Pa
ladies, and their black skins peep
beneath their white dresses like fli
a milk-pot; but, if I am not mist
there is still a remnant of modest
in them. Their attitude, in publi
posure, expresses a sentiment of sh
while their white sisters pass by ch
ing and laughing. Perhaps it may
ceed from their seldom finding adm
of their sooty charms.

What shocked me the most was
infantile appearance of many of

unfortunates; the eldest among them had certainly not passed her eighteenth year, and the youngest—O God!—Being once in the garden of the Palais Royal, I met a child about twelve years old: it was in the dusk of the evening; she was walking with her eyes fixed on the ground, and I had no idea of her belonging to that description of females; but an elderly, corpulent woman, who was about ten yards behind her, stopped me, and pointing at the little creature, said: "*Voila, Monsieur, ma debutante.*" I could scarcely refrain from spitting in the wretch's face.

The better class of the frail sisterhood appear now, as formerly, at the *Theatre Montansier*, where they take boxes at a considerable price. Each sits singly in her box, and not several together; and, in proportion to the per centage she pays to the procuress of a box-keeper,

the latter introduces customers to her. Between the acts, those who are not engaged for the night walk about in a fine large hall called *foyer*, where they shew themselves, and are hired. While I was at Paris, a battle one night took place in this hall between two jealous females, which terminated in their tearing in pieces each other's clothes, which were at first extremely thin and airy. This circumstance, which was the talk of Paris a whole day, caused the police to prohibit the public exposure of their merchandize in that place—a prohibition which, however, remained in force only a few days.

The ladies of pleasure reside principally in the Palais Royal, in the *entresols* of the first floor, where they stand singing at the windows the whole day, and in this they are not interrupted. Theirs is, truly, the song of the Syrens. The

palace has an infinite number of divisions. I was much struck by one of these, because a libertine and debauchee may run through his whole romantic career in it without loss of time. At the very top, in the third story, is a pawnbroker's, where the profligate spendthrift may replenish his purse upon leaving valuable pledges. Descending one pair of stairs, he finds gaming-rooms, where he may get eased of his money. He needs then only to go down half a flight of stairs, to lose his health with an impure. On leaving her, he is joined by a new companion, Despair, with whom he descends to the shop on the ground-floor, where are sold daggers and pistols. There he may spend his last farthing, and, without any farther ceremony, blow out his brains. It must be confessed, that it is impossible to render living and dying more convenient to a profligate.

On the other hand there are, in Paris, great numbers of physicians and surgeons, who endeavour to counteract the ravages of the venom of lust, and, with cheap humanity, tender their services to people in the street. You cannot set foot in the Palais Royal, without receiving printed hand-bills from every side. The women, hired for this purpose, have such a particular knack at distributing them, that, if a person does not even hold out his hand, he feels the paper suddenly put into it, without knowing whence it came. So wonderful is the celerity of these women, that, before one person has well got hold of the paper, three others have received a similar present in the interval. *Restaurateurs*, shoemakers, tailors, in short, all those who court custom, or wish to acquire publicity, recommend themselves in this manner. But you may be assured, that

nine out of ten of those printed puffs, relate to the subject above-mentioned.

One who has an apartment of consultation (*cabinet des consultations*) boasts of his experience and moral character, declares himself incapable of imposing upon the public, or of making them the victims of their own credulity. He promises to cure the distemper only with plants, without diet-drink, and more speedily than usual. His name is Chauberge. Another, Neuville, offers his advice gratis; cures the infected in twelve days; but if the disorder be old and inveterate, in twenty or twenty-five days. His medicines are cheap, easy to take, and of small size. They may be taken secretly; the patient may perform his ordinary business, and travel either by land or sea. Like the former he prescribes no diet-drink, to which the Parisians seem to have a decided aversion.

A third, Lambon, pretends to caution the public against those quacks; he employs no repellents, which merely mask the disorder, and produce the worst of consequences. He only follows the method of the most celebrated physicians. A fourth, Guillemain, only promises to treat patients *secundum artem*, without explaining how. A fifth, Martinon, requires no fee till a radical cure is effected, and the poor, who can prove their poverty by a certificate from the municipality, he treats *gratis*. He likewise promises to cure persons of either sex without seeing them, provided they give him a written statement of their complaint. A sixth, Giguin, boasts of having already written a work on the subject. A seventh, Claude, recommends his *pastilles fondantes*, or melting lozenges, as very purifying. An eighth, Ducluzau, has practised his art twenty-

five years, and performed innumerable cures.

I shall forbear adducing more instances to convince the reader, that if he escape from the embraces of illicit pleasure with half his health, a *Pseudo-Esculapius* is lurking at the corner of every street to rob him of the other half likewise.

In order to avoid both these snares, I will here give a very practicable piece of advice to all parents who send their children to Paris, and to all tutors who accompany their pupils to that city. Let every youth, the day after his arrival, visit the physico-pathological cabinet of Professor Bertrand, which is likewise in the Palais Royal, No. 23, close to the *Caffé de Foi*. Here all the dreadful consequences of libertinism are represented in the most lively manner in wax, with a truth which excites the

utmost horror. The youth who, upon leaving this theatre of the most disgusting human wretchedness, goes under the arcades of the Palais Royal, and is yet unable to resist the allurements of lewdness, was past a cure before he arrived at Paris. Every distinct part of the human body infected with the venereal disease, and every gradation of this infernal distemper, are here represented with the greatest accuracy. At the end of this gallery of the furies lies a youth on his death-bed, as large as life, in whose languid eyes and distorted features, pain, shame, repentance, and despair are eloquently displayed.

In my opinion the French government should assign to the meritorious Bertrand a place in the legion of honor. Whether the salutary impression which his excellent ideas have produced upon youth will be of long duration is ano-

ther question; for vice sways the present, and virtue only the future. The former is consequently the most powerful; it affords enjoyment, but the latter only hope. But I am convinced, that merely the sight of this cabinet has made many a young man start back from the brink of the abyss. The situation is extremely well chosen, being surrounded on both sides by ladies of pleasure.

Exclusive of the above subjects, here are likewise to be found some very instructive representations of the varieties of the human figure; children from the first to the last moment of pregnancy; abortions; hermaphrodites; women in labour; the Cæsarian operation; excrescences; polypuses; harelips; small-pox; cow-pox; the plague; cancers; various female diseases; to which is added the written remark that it is ge-

nerally believed that pregnant women are subject to many dangers, but that girls and widows often struggle with much worse evils without their being suspected; the whole internal structure of the human body, the head dissected horizontally and perpendicularly, &c. &c. In short, it is impossible to see a greater number of instructive objects for thirty sous only. All that I have to regret is, that persons whose nerves are too delicate, will scarcely be able to endure the sight.

What I am about to add will perhaps appear incredible, and I should scarcely venture to make the assertion, were I not convinced by the most undeniable testimony of its truth. Some German physicians who have fixed their residence at Paris, bringing with them their native modesty, at first avoid speaking to young men concerning a certain

disorder before parents, brothers or sisters. They however soon find with astonishment, that their patients speak on that subject with the utmost freedom, even in the presence of their sisters, who frequently interfere in the conversation, or bring to recollection some particular circumstance that may have been forgotten. The ladies are said to possess great penetration in discovering what is the matter with a young man; upon which they frequently teaze him with saying, *Il s'est brulé*—he has burned himself!

O sacred Modesty! Thou hast indeed chapels here and there in Paris, but temples thou hast none!

THE VALLEY OF MONTMORENCY AND THE ABBEY OF ST. DENNIS.

"SHOULD you like to see where Rousseau lived?" I was one day asked by Madame Recamier.—"Should I? can this be a question?"—"Then call upon me early to-morrow morning, and I will take you to the spot." With a Parisian lady, one o'clock in the afternoon is an early hour of rising, but this day the graces had paid an earlier visit to Madame Recamier's toilet, and by eleven we were in her carriage. At the barriers we exchanged the town equipage for a country one, the close for an open carriage, the two proud coach horses for a brisk relay. Though it was the latter end of November, yet the sun diffused many a genial ray, and a fresh bracing

air painted the cheeks of my fair companion with a rosy hue, and obliged her to draw her Indian shawl closer than usual round her light dress. We proceeded rapidly, and soon reached a small town: it was St. Dennis. "Have you ever seen the ruins of the abbey? the tombs of our former kings?"—"I have not."—"Then let us alight for a moment. I have often passed this way myself, but never yet gratified my curiosity."

We took the way to the abbey. What a grand spectacle! These walls, a thousand years old, no longer protected by a roof, seem to say to the heavens, "We need no cover to bid defiance to your storms." These interior partitions of workmanship resembling lace, appear to have been raised but yesterday for a feast of to-day. These columns have for twelve centuries borne those expan-

sive arches, with as much ease as Mo
Etna sustains the clouds. Betwe
them on the outside stand the mutila
images of saints beheaded by the V
dals. And finally, in this dreary wa
among these deserted ruins, where
thing is to be heard but the flutter
of their feathered tenants, casks
flour are piled one upon the oth
Strange vicissitude! In the spot wh
worms once preyed upon kings, fo
is now stored for men!

Here we found an aged Swiss, w
had served forty years in this abbey, a
had seen it during the last days of
splendid existence. He wanders ab
the precincts as the ghost of some no
ancestor is supposed to haunt his ruin
castle, which in his days appeared to
defiance to the ravages of time.
eyes were wishfully surveying the na
walls, and he now and then gave a

nificant nod, as if taking leave of some old friend, whose image presented itself to his mind. It was to different monuments which had once been placed there, and had left an indelible impression on his soul, that he made this motion. This man was a complete register of every thing formerly contained in these spacious vaults. He stopped us at every step, saying: "Here was the monument of a queen;" at every hole into which he cautioned us not to fall, he named some king or hero who had been deposited in it. We followed him down a long flight of steps into a dark subterraneous passage, on both sides of which still projected the blocks of stone on which the coffins were formerly placed. They formed such a narrow alley, that the living fair-one took faster hold of my arm, and pressed closer to

me in order to keep out of the resting place of the departed great.

In this gloom, where only a distant light sheds its dim rays, the old man, with a voice as if it proceeded from another world, exclaimed, "Here lay Louis XIV. and there Turenne; here Louis XIII. and there Bertrand du Guesclin," and having proceeded almost the whole length of the narrow passage, in which the majesty and ambition of thirty kings found sufficient room, he stood still; folding his hands and hanging down his head, he said with a faultering voice, "This bench bore the coffin of Henry IV!"

His mournful silence, seconded by ours, both did honour to the place, and left us at liberty for a few minutes to indulge in a melancholy sensation, which each endeavoured to suppress. This

silence the old man interrupted; for there was still something that oppressed his heart, which he wished to unbosom to us: it was, that he was present when the coffin of Henry IV. was opened; that his corpse was in perfect preservation, with its celebrated resemblance; that at this sight, the most resolute ruffians, by whom it was surrounded, and even Robespierre himself, were seized with a sudden and involuntary awe; that several of them softly approached, and stole some hairs from Henry's beard, which they afterwards wore in rings as precious relics. "But what became of all those corpses?"—"Robespierre ordered them all to be burned excepting that of Turenne."—"And were they actually burned?" Here the old man made a pause: but discovering that I was a foreigner, and seeing my fair companion so deeply affected, he was

inspired with confidence, and acknowledged that he had not burned the bones, but had buried them in the dead of the night, about one hundred yards from the abbey. We requested him to conduct us to the spot, and he complied.

Leaving the long, dark vault, we entered a light subterraneous chapel, where several statues of saints, as large as life, still remained. The Swiss pointed out to us a Virgin Mary, which, by some strange coincidence, bears such a striking likeness to the ill-fated queen, Marie Antoinette, that every person who ever saw her must admit that no portrait could be a more perfect resemblance.

From the ravaged temple of death we re-ascended into the desolate hall where Time now first dares to whet his scythe. The old man flatters himself that he shall yet live to see the abbey restored to its former splendor, and his hope is

founded on some words which Bonaparte is reported to have once dropped. But as the rebuilding it would cost immense sums, it is not probable that it will be undertaken, at least for the present. It is well for the old man that he still entertains some hope; it is the last recruit of oil to the wick of his life, and he who robs him of it to-day, will to-morrow find him no more.

Upon leaving the abbey, he conducted us, conformably to his promise, to a little grass plot, about one hundred yards off, which had nothing whatever to distinguish it. Here, in a space which I could cover with my extended arms, were deposited, under my feet, the bones of more than forty kings, queens, princes, and heroes. What had agitated, convulsed, tormented, or blessed the world for a series of ages, now occupied a spot just large enough for a child to throw

its doll about! Let him who is tortured with arrogance and ambition flee to this hallowed retreat! For as the furies quitted Orestes at the entrance of Diana's grove, so his passions will not dare to follow him hither; and even after he has left this solitary grass plot, those that might otherwise have attacked him will not trouble him any more.

I asked the Swiss if all the bones were mixed together? "Yes," said he, "I had no time to separate them, but dug a hole as quickly as possible, and threw them all in together. The only one that I should know again is Henry IV. whose remains I threw in first, so that they lie quite at the bottom."

I suppose this fact may be known to several in Paris; but as many, perhaps scores of years may elapse before the time shall return when a virtuous Frenchman durst loudly wish to rescue

the bones of the good Henry from a degrading oblivion, I will consign my information to these pages: and should the old Swiss die, together with all those who may know the spot, yet as long as I live the place cannot be lost, for never shall I forget it!

The old man attended us to the carriage, and it might be seen in his countenance how happy he felt in having been able to unbosom himself without restraint. We sat mute for some time revolving in our minds what we had seen and heard. It was a preparation worthy the view of Rousseau's hermitage, which, after strolling about for some time in the valley of Montmorency, we discovered, modestly peeping out from an eminence overgrown with bushes. As we approached, my imagination represented the philosopher botanizing on the hill under the trees, or

looking on with good nature at a dance of the rustics. The house, which is now inhabited in summer by the amiable Gretry, is very small, extremely plain, and is left in winter to the care of an old woman and her daughter. We found only the latter at home: with a friendly anticipation of our wishes, she introduced us into Rousseau's apartments, the papering of which is still the same as when he occupied them. I sat down at the same table on which he wrote what nature dictated to him: I opened the table drawer, and found in it the identical ink-stand that he used: on the mantle-piece was likewise placed his candlestick. I shall say nothing of my feelings. If the past rush with vivid recollection upon the mind, it at the same time deprives a person of the power of utterance. For the present, Heaven has given us sounds; for the

past, only sighs. A dove was fluttering about the room; it was so tame, so gentle: we opened the window for it, but to no purpose. We might almost have been induced here to believe in the transmigration of souls.

We then went down into the little garden in which Rousseau often laboured. In a niche in the wall was placed his bust behind a glass door, and underneath it was inscribed a pretty verse which I have now forgotten. To those strangers who may visit this place after me, and finding my name written under Rousseau's bust, may be inclined to tax me with ridiculous vanity, I must declare, that this sin should not be placed to my account, but was committed by the beauteous hand of my wanton companion.

Being rather chilly, we entered the kitchen, and seating ourselves before the

the remains of past ages are deposited in the magnificent cabinet of antiquities, which is united with the national library. Unfortunately, no catalogue of it has yet been published; but the ingegenious and complaisant inspector, the celebrated Millin, fully compensates to foreigners for this deficiency; and, from his unwearied politeness and assiduity, you never perceive that he himself makes a sacrifice of his valuable time.

Formerly learned antiquaries bore the character of pedants: they would neither know nor do any thing but what related to their immediate line of study, or at least they passed for very bad companions. The poets, on the contrary, talked on every subject; they laughed at every thing, and were the soul of gay society. Now-a-days this, like every thing else, has changed. Three of the most learned antiquaries, of whose per-

sonal acquaintance I can boast, Millin, Boettiger, and Koehler, are at the same time most refined companions, who never spoil company, but on the contrary render it good where they find it already spoiled, as wine-merchants restore their flat wines.

On the other hand, I know great poets who expose their numberless and immoderate pretensions in company, with such uncouth rudeness, as to banish every delicate pleasure from their society. Millin is a very lively, ingenious man, with eyes darting looks like lightning. His literary tea party, at which so many native and foreign literati assemble, has often been described. The walls of the hall of company are sumptuously hung with the rarest works: in the middle stands a large table, on which every thing that is most recent in literature and the arts, in all languages,

is exposed for the inspection of the visitors. You may stand or sit, read or look over books, converse in large or small groups, or two and two, as you please: if hungry or thirsty, you may eat or drink: in short, you enjoy the most extensive entertainment with the greatest freedom from restraint.

I am indebted to the ingenious Millin for having found this cabinet fertile in entertainment, sometimes alone, and sometimes with the help of his lessons. It would ill become me to speak as a connoisseur. But the reader will not be displeased with an historical report of what most impressed itself upon my memory; and the pious reverence with which I contemplated these remains of antiquity, will perhaps be felt by many.

This cabinet is particularly rich in Egyptian curiosities. I shall say nothing of the number of idols, among

which Isis, with her son Horus on her knee, seems evidently to have served as an emblem of the holy Virgin. The celebrated and well-preserved table of Isis, on which the figures are inlaid in silver-work, has long been an object of research with the learned. There is also an Egyptian book, the gift of Bonaparte, which it is a pity that no one can read. Several writings on papyrus have been taken off from mummies, and carefully unglued. The mummies themselves look very ragged, Cuvier having anatomised them in order to ascertain with what kind of spices they were embalmed. Various ornaments of Egyptian dress and small household utensils suddenly transport the fancy into the dwellings and domestic life of that nation. Among them are spoons, forks, cyphering tables, &c. &c. a couple of mummies of the bird Isis, to which

the Egyptians paid divine worship, because it destroyed the noxious vermin in their fields; and a most rare and curious Egyptian altar-piece, covered with hieroglyphics.

The celebrated Sardonix, representing the apotheosis of the Emperor Augustus, is known to be the largest cut stone in the world. On it is seen Germanicus standing before the Tiber, and his family riding in the clouds, all portraits. Some pious christians fortunately pretended to recognize in this representation Joseph interpreting the dream, by which means this curiosity escaped the destructive rage of fanaticism. The same good fortune befel another charming bust of the same stone, representing the Emperor Valentinian. This honest pagan has long been carried about as a saint in christian processions. A precious chalice, also a Sardonix, may often have

wetted the lips of the pious partakers of the communion, with religious, salutary and refreshing comfort. It was, however, formerly used in the mysteries of Bacchus, as the figures cut upon it most amply certify.

In the same press is kept the ancient crown of the kings of Lombardy, as well as a smaller one belonging to the queens. They are mere hoops. On the first is engraved the name of Agilulphus. The sword of ceremony of the grand master of Malta is remarkable, on account of the circumstances which caused it to be brought hither. On a large silver bowl scenes from the history of Greece are engraved with great skill, but without any regard of chronological order. A German tournament, where the costume is very faithfully represented, is much more interesting. Half a yard farther on are preserved many precious

effects, taken out of the grave of King Clovis, the father of Childeric. Their former use can only be guessed at. Among them is a very ancient sword, and the ring which served as a regal seal. Near them is deposited a golden case, in the shape of a heart, in which the heart of Anne of Britanny was formerly inclosed. An inscription says, that it was the best heart in the world. Alas! the best of hearts, which beat so lovingly here below, seldom obtain golden cases!

This collection has a more splendid display of cut antique stones than is to be found any where else: and what is here viewed in a transient manner, as belonging to the second or third class, would in other places be looked upon as treasures of the first importance. Millin, in his *Monumens Antiques*, has described the best and rarest stones. To this

excellent work I refer the curious reader. Angelo's seal ring has, besides the art, an interest for humanity. The same may be said of several portraits of well known persons, whose semblance is said to be great. I was struck with that of Queen Elizabeth on account of her ugliness, and that of Mary Stuart on account of her beauty. That, in other respects, the moderns are, in some instances, equal to the ancients in the art of cutting on stone, has been proved by Pichler, a native of Tyrol, a stone of whose workmanship is here admired. It so completely deceived the first connoisseur Winkelmann, that he wrote a treatise on it, and had a copper-plate engraving made of it.

The Roman antiques, both large and small, are numberless. Altars, tombstones, lamps of all kinds, urns, lachrymatories, accoutrements for horses,

keys, buckles, bells, state-chariots, the first coins of the Romans, remarkable for their large size and uncouth shape; and beside them the rarest Greek coins. On the floor are four large stone tables, wholly covered with very small Greek characters; they contain the will of a Greek woman, who bequeathed her property for the purpose of making a collection of curiosities of art. That she was a good and complaisant spouse, appears from the motive she alledges for this bequest, that it was the wish of her husband. Many antiques, dug from the ruins of Herculaneum, will interest every beholder. Among them are a pair of clumsy golden bracelets, which were taken from a skeleton, but are not near so heavy as they seem. Farther there are ladies ear-rings, which appeared to me very incommodious. A table, on which the people of Megara, by com-

mand of the Delphic oracle, raised a monument in honour of one Orippos, because he gained the foot-race prize, for the first time, stark naked, in the Olympian games, struck me with surprize.

Before that period, they always used to wear something about the waist, which was at least a substitute for the fig-leaf. But the more naked the candidate for the prize was, the easier he must have found the race; the oracle, therefore, probably meant to reward, not so much the superior skill of Orippos, as perhaps his contempt of prejudice.

By the side of a remarkable stone, with Phœnician characters, stands a very ancient and expressive bust of a methodistical physician, called *Medicus Asiaticus*, the inscription on which relates the various vicissitudes of good and bad for-

tune he experienced in his life, and his having been the chief of the sect of the methodists.

A fine stone, larger than a head, with figures engraved with the Persepolitan graver, which, if I am not mistaken, the learned Leichtenstein, at Helmstadt, has already endeavoured to explain, is extremely interesting. It is said to be an elegy, but I do not see of what service the stone can have been. It is not made to stand upright, being narrow both at top and bottom; nor is there any mark of its having been fastened in any position; neither is it contrived to lie on either side; for the writing in that case would be covered. Wieland's German Mercury contains a treatise on this stone.

I shall now give a brief summary of many curiosities, in order not to dwell too long on particular subjects, as they

must be *seen* to feel their value. Various trifling things from *Persepolis*. A costly, but insipid *dish* of a Persian prince. Coffins of mummies. A large bathing tub of porphyry. A large golden dish, found at Rheims, filled with pieces of gold coin, probably used in some temple. After this you see the contest in drinking between Hercules and Bacchus; the former appears already *half-seas* over; on the border of the dish the triumphal entry of Bacchus is represented, and Hercules is dragged home intoxicated. An urn of porphyry, in which was found the golden *bull* of a young Roman patrician; all sorts of christian antiques, bishops' croziers, &c. all which have lost their relish with the people. The *royal crown of France*. Armour of Henry IV, Sully, and others. Chinese, and their dresses. A chinese dwelling house, with a Dutchman paying his visit. The whole family

of an *emperor of China*, among whom is one of the princesses nodding. A chinese building in ivory, so finely wrought that you would swear it is lace work. Weapons, arrows, dresses, feathers, &c. of savages of different nations. Among these antiques, the rubbish room contains a modern one, the plate from which the assignats were printed.

Another great treasure with which I cursorily terminate my short account, is the superb *cabinet of coins*. It is most classically arranged. The *towns* are no longer ranged in alphabetical order, but first the countries, and afterwards the towns in every country separately; and finally their kings or sovereigns. What is deemed a rarity, if obtained single, is to be found here by the half dozen; for instance, the coins of OTHO, all of gold (as he never struck any of copper). The *infancy* of the art of cutting stamps

is viewed here with admiration, in the *first coins* of the kings of Macedonia.

It is to be wished, that the German antiquary WINKLER, who has likewise a place in the national library, may have sufficient leisure to give a catalogue only of this numismatic cabinet, or that he may be enabled to do it for an adequate reward. Surely no one is better qualified by industry for the task.

CRIMINAL JUSTICE.

Curiosity led me into the *Palais de Justice*, to be present at the trial of a criminal. At the farther end of a large hall, I saw three judges in their long black official costume, with hoods on their heads, sitting at a table. Behind them on the wall, I read laws, engraved with golden letters, enjoining the judges never to condemn unheard, nor ever to impose a heavier penalty than the law

prescribes, &c. At the right hand of the judges were seated the jury, on more elevated benches, in their usual dress. On the left, facing the jury, and in a more elevated situation was the criminal, between two soldiers. At his feet were two lawyers, his defenders. Before the table of the judges, with his back turned to them, a clerk took the protocol. On the right and left, at the end of the elevated seats were two more clerks, behind whom were placed the serjeants at mace, or *huissiers*, who, as often as it was necessary, called out *silence*. In front of the judges were low bars, that parted them from the people, along the inner side of which was a bench, designed for the witnesses. Beyond these bars, there was another enclosure, containing three or four benches, partly to receive the witnesses after they had given their evidence, partly for the better class of

those who composed the audience. After these, followed one row of benches after another, occupied by the inferior class, and beyond them a large open space for the multitude. The whole, indeed, afforded an impressive spectacle. The hall was rather crowded, yet it was easily to be remarked, that when a noise arose, it did not relate to matters foreign to the business, but to the subject of discussion; the enquiry into which was attentively listened to by the whole audience. Here I must again praise the hospitable politeness of the French. When I came, the trial was far advanced, and I was obliged to content myself with such room as I could get behind the populace. But no sooner had the servant whom I had hired, dropt a hint to the *huissier* of my being a foreigner, than he immediately procured me a place on the benches for the superior class of the

audience; and the moment one of the clerks perceived me, he ordered room to be made, and one of the bars of the next benches to be opened, where I was seated among the witnesses, and could distinctly see and hear every thing.

The delinquent was a petulant young bankrupt. One witness was called after another; the judge in the middle, or president, asked each the usual questions: viz. name, age, profession, connections with the accused, &c. briefly exhorting him to tell the truth faithfully, but he did not make him take an oath. He concluded at last, with these words: "*Declare, citizen,* (for here alone the word *citizen* is still heard, and it is surely in its proper place) *declare, citizen, to the jury all you know of the matter.*

The witness then addresses the jury, and makes his declaration. The jury

remain mute hearers, but the president sometimes asks questions at intervals, as he thinks necessary, and if nothing more is to be asked, he desires the witness to return to his place. He then addresses the delinquent, saying: "have you any thing to say against the evidence of the last witness?" Upon this, the latter urges his objections, and the witness is sometimes called a second time, when a kind of conversation often ensues between the criminal, the president, and the witness, in which they preserve a certain urbanity, softening every thing they have to say in a pleasing and wholly dispassionate tone.

The young bankrupt was an upholsterer, and appeared to me an egregious villain. In spite of his youth, he always kept a good countenance, laying the whole charge upon his mother, for whom he only carried on the business

nominally, as he was not of age, and when he found himself at a loss for an answer, he flatly denied every thing. The judge, however, several times found means with great subtilty, to confound him with his own declaration; and as often a secret murmuring of applause was to be heard among the people assembled.

I spent several hours here with real pleasure, but could not stay till the end, as there were too great a number of witnesses to be heard. When the clerk who sat next me perceived I was going, he very politely accosted and informed me, that a far more interesting trial would take place on the third of the month, to the hearing of which he invited me, if it could be of any pleasure. I heartily thanked him for his polite attention, and did not fail attending on the day appointed.

The number of criminals this time amounted to no less than fourteen. Each of them being guarded by a soldier, there was scarcely room for them all on the benches destined for them. Besides the red feathers of the soldiers concealed several of the delinquents' faces, and prevented me from making physiognomical observations. They were all concerned in the forgery of bank-notes. An engraver, Duclos, who had offered to engrave the plates, acted the odious part of an informer, and was just under examination when I entered. From several hints dropped by the accused, it appeared pretty plain, that the fellow would not have betrayed them, if they had always been able to advance him as much money as he wanted. After having informed the magistrates, the police made use of him to ensnare the rest. He invited the whole gang to

dinner at Lyons; and none of them suspecting any treachery, they were all secured at once by the people who lay in wait for them.

The counsel of the accused bitterly upbraided the informer with his cunning. They alledged, among other things, and he could not deny it, that several of the delinquents had repeatedly hinted to him, that they would give up the matter, that they were sorry for being concerned in it, and would proceed no farther in the business. "Why," said the counsel solemnly to the informer, "why did you not tell these people what you were meditating? If they had been of the same disposition, the rest would have dispersed of themselves, and fourteen fathers of families would not have been plunged in this state of incalculable wretchedness."

Duclos stuttered, and knew not what

to reply. A general murmur of indignation among the people answered for him.

The first of the criminals was a bold fellow, who flatly denied every thing, in spite of irrefragable proofs. His sole and constant answer was: "I know nothing of the matter." The second beed nearly in the same way. But the judge was an excellent cross-examiner, and often implicated the culprits on their own evidence. The third related the whole story with great sincerity, and was several times interrupted by his tears. Having finished his narrative, he added the following moving words: "I have nothing farther to urge in my defence, than that I came from St. Domingo, had lost every thing, nobody would relieve me, and my children were starving." This man was certainly more unfortunate than villainous.—Most of

terfeit, desired Pescio to follow him to the commissioner of the police. Instead of accepting the invitation he scampered away, the green-grocer following him, raising a hue and cry. He was instantly stopped by some persons passing by, who, hearing why he was to be delivered up to the police, endeavoured (however extraordinary it may appear) to favour his escape. Hence it is evident, that the people do not view this offence in so black a light as it should be viewed, and that the greater or the less abhorrence of it, solely epends on the way and manner in which the public revenue is generally collected or laid out. Pescio, however, did not escape; the moment he was seized, he became the more suspected, in consequence of throwing away a paper containing four counterfeit five-frank pieces. He immediatly confessed the truth, and at the

same time named an accomplice, who was a *gens-d'arme d'élite à cheval.* On the 29th Vendemiare the guillotine severed his head from his body. The custom of publishing the proceedings of trials, together with the sentence, and posting them up in printed bills, is highly laudable.

TEMPER OF MIND OF THE PARISIANS.

Were it not a notorious fact, that mankind generally have the irremediable perverseness always to enjoy the future, and never the present, and consequently, should the future actually become the present, to be tired of this enjoyment; if, I say, this original sin were not absolutely inherent in all the children of ADAM, Frenchmen would be taken for characters more insignificant than all the rest of the inhabitants of

the globe; for they are heartily sick of their revolution, and of all the results it has produced: and every one of them fervently wishes the return of the good old times.

By accident, nine people of different stations in life happened to meet together in the same diligence, or stage-coach: a non-commissioned officer, a farmer, a sexton, a physician, a journalist, an author, a timber-merchant, a lawyer, and a jew.

It is a pity, says the *Soldier*, that we should have peace; in war to be sure I might have made my fortune, but as things go, I must remain a serjeant as I am.

Farmer. Why, for aught you care, the world might be turned upside down, so you get promotion: I too, certainly wish for war; but then my reasons are

very different: the price of corn is continually falling, and bread may be had almost for nothing.

Timber Merchant. O Lord, send us but two sharp winters! But Monsieur Lamark's almanack prophesies nothing but fog, rain, and southerly winds. Formerly indeed we used to have the frost at 18 degrees, but now—!!

Lawyer. Thank God we have warm weather! else we poor lawyers must be frozen to death. The number of our fraternity has been so much increased, justices of peace and arbitration-offices have been introduced, nay, we are even threatened with a civil code as in Prussia. Formerly a lawyer could retire from business with an annual income of 40,000 livres.

Journalist. If you complain, what am I to do? During the war, we had every day battles won or lost, towns besieged

and captured, a thousand contradictory laws, sedition every where; there was no province, no borough, that had not its earthquake, its inundation, and parties were fighting together like the elements; but all of a sudden a man appears, who, like Neptune, has hushed every thing. All the news we now have, is at farthest now and then about an infernal machine, or a couple of stones dropping down from the moon.

Physician. Since people have left off letting blood, and take so little diet-drink, it is all over with our art. Vapours and nervous diseases are now quite out of fashion; no pretty woman takes a fancy to swoon, if it were but once or twice a week, to appear interesting; on the contrary, they carelessly run about half naked, and at the most only catch a tedious consumption.

Sexton. That is the very thing that

makes me desperate; I purchased the situation of sexton in my parish, and relied at least upon ten funerals a week. But I am now ruined.

Physican. Then you cannot blame me; for of my patients one half generally die every week.

Jew. But we are the worst off of all. Every body wants to be a Jew now-a-days. Every house now is a pawnbroker's shop, &c. &c. The name of *Jew*, however, is entirely forgotten. Whoever wants money, goes to the first person he chances to fall in with, be he a Christian or a Jew; and both serve him alike. Besides, the term of a majority has been shortened, and young people have various ways of extricating themselves. Under the ancient government, we could work *four years* longer, and that was sufficient to enable us to make *hay*.

Author. And I, gentlemen, do I sleep upon roses, pray? Do you think that writers abound with milk and honey. I have been writing these twenty years, and only see how my coat looks; I have tried every thing, but nothing would succeed. I had pledged a capital play with my creditors; well, it has been hissed and damned, for there is no taste left. At last, I wrote an excellent little work upon the yellow fever, at the time it desolated Cadiz. What happened? No sooner was my book printed, than the fever ceased; and the copies lie as heavy as lead upon the shelf. In ancient times, before the art of printing was invented, an author got his price. In the year 1471, Louis XI. paid one hundred golden dollars and twelve marks in silver, for the copy of a bad Arabian book upon medicine. Under Louis XIII, Cardinal Richelieu

id six hundred livres for six verses. hose were good times!

Soldier. Under Charles the Bald, there as a battle near Fontenay, where one undred thousand men were left dead n the field, and non-commissioned fficers were rapidly promoted. Those vere good times!

Farmer. In the year 1336 there was o great a famine, that people used to at up one another, and a cask of flour ost fifty francs. Those were good imes!

Physician. In the year 1269, a terrible plague prevailed in Paris, which carried off one hundred and fifty people every day. The physicians could not find time to go their rounds.

Sexton. Nor could the sextons dig graves fast enough. Aye, those were good times!

Lawyer. Before the tribunals were

reformed, I had at least ten causes to plead every day, to present petitions, and twenty families stood every morning regularly weeping before my door. Those were good times!

Jew. Before the bankers, brokers, money-changers, pawnbrokers' shops, lombards, &c. came in vogue, we had good times, for we had the disposal of every thing. Then people would take clipt crowns; but now-a-days, they weigh every thing.

Timber Merchant. In the year 1709 all the rivers in France were frozen over, all the stores of wood were exhausted. Ah! the excellent times!

Journalist. In 1793 and 1794, there were conspiracies every day, popular insurrections three or four times a week, seven or eight battles a month, massacres in every canton, one hundred and fifty revolutionary executions every

morning, from fifty to sixty national decrees, speeches, motions, &c. every evening, &c. &c.

Though the whole of this conversation may only have been invented as a joke, (it may pass as a true parody all over the world) yet sentiments like these are every where to be heard in France. No person is thoroughly satisfied with his condition; even the upstart is not contented; for he sees another get the start of him, and fancies he ought to have been in his place. Such is the way of the world.

The horrors of the revolution are generally loaded with execration, partly in good earnest, partly for fashion's sake. Those who have taken an active part in those excesses, are not persecuted but forgotten; nay, nobody even bears them any animosity. Barras is living at Brussels among many persons whom

he has injured, and yet they live with him in amicable intercourse.

That the Parisians take pleasure in recalling to their remembrance the ancient order of things, is observable on a hundred occasions, and in a hundred little traits. The portrait of Louis XVI. is to be found in all the print-shops. On the evening of my arrival, I went to see the opera of Adrian, and heard with astonishment the most enthusiastic plaudits bestowed on these words, *Fidèle a mon roi.*

The palace of the tribunate is again generally called *Palais Royal*; the last post-station before you reach Paris, *poste royale*, and the *Rue de la Loi* is most generally called *Rue Richelieu.* The wife of a postmaster on the road between Lyons and Paris sorrowfully said to me, on perceiving the star on my coat; *En vous voyant, Monsieur, nous*

*renaissons.** People who want to obtain situations think it a recommendation to have been nobles. A lady who wished for a situation as governess in a family, expressly mentioned, that she was the daughter of a *Chevalier de St. Louis!* and another boasted in the same manner of her noble descent; the latter even went so far as to have it mentioned in a public advertisement, that she wished to do the honours at a lady's or gentleman's table of her rank (*de sa classe*). The ministers are again called *excellencies*, and liveries become more numerous every day.

The most popular public journals often defend the nobility in an ingenious manner. A certain family pride is peculiar to all ranks and classes. Before the revolution, the citizen, as well as the nobleman, was honoured by a line of

* *The sight of you, Sir, revives us.*

thers along with him. The most ancient nation that is known, the Chinese, pay divine honours to their ancestors. From the palace to the hovel, man tries to propagate his memory to future ages. Animated by this wish, the hoary sire sows the seed of a tree, of which he will not perhaps live to see the third leaf: by his ancestors (that is to say, *recollections*), he is connected with the past; by his children (i. e. *hopes*) with the future. In the physical order of things individuals perish, the species subsist for ever; and so it is in the moral world. He is not a good man who wishes to insulate, as it were, all our enjoyments, and to confine them to the present moment.

Thus reason, at present, those very Frenchmen, who, but a few years ago, would have hurried to the lamp-iron any one who durst have uttered such sentiments.

SOCIETIES AND AMUSEMENTS.

Societies certainly exist without being sociable. A foreign lady, who has kept up a considerable domestic establishment for several years, once complained to me, that the people of the *nouveau regime* disagreed more among themselves, than if they happened to be in company with those of the *ancien regime*. The latter, too, were again divided into parties, because one part of the ancient noblesse associated with men of the new order, and another is too proud, or too poor, to do so. Add to this, that the most amiable part of the ancient nobility are but sparing of their visits, because they live too far off, are unable to pay for a hackney coach, and you dare not send them a carriage for fear of offending. If a person has once succeeded

in collecting two or three people at his house, he may be sure that three different opinions will arise in this little circle. Distrust of each other is legibly depicted on their features; whence ensues an abrupt conversation, the host feels himself uncomfortable, and all sociability is completely at an end. The dining-parties are more tolerable, because the friends of good cheer give them a relish. But the observations of that ingenious foreign lady are, alas! most strikingly confirmed in the evening assemblies, where the guests come and go when they please, sit in a semicircle where no conversation becomes general, and every one is anxiously looking out for some person to whom he may communicate the state of the weather; where the lady of the house, with an embarrassment not always successfully concealed, endeavours to amuse,

first one, and then another, while her husband only makes himself known to be the master, by not taking the least pains to conceal the irksomeness he feels, and by stretching himself out, in supine listlessness, on every sopha in the apartment. At these assemblies it has been my fortune to be present once or twice.

An elegant hostess naturally uses all the means in her power to make her guests, who do not play at cards, spend their time pleasantly; for this purpose, three methods are principally recurred to, which, however excellent, are still for the most part difficult to be obtained. The first is the Abbé Delille, the celebrated poet, who is so complaisant as to recite his verses in those houses where he is known (not to read them, for he is almost stone blind). The amusement of the hearer is, in this respect, not solely confined to the variety

of the poems alone, all of which his prodigious memory retains by heart, and which, for the most part, consist of new turns of ancient thoughts beautifully versified; but you also take delight in the innocent simplicity of this old man, so rarely to be met with, particularly in Paris. I remember, with pleasure, one evening which I spent with him at the Russian Princess Dolgorucki's, whose genius is equal to her loveliness. He liked to be in her house —and who would not like it? for the attentive hostess already knew all his little wishes and wants, and anticipated them all; even *fromage à la crême*, which he is very fond of, was provided for him. For this, he treated us in his turn with the most beautiful and animated fragments of such of his works as are not published; and, as often as any one present reminded him of some passage

or other, he had formerly heard him recite, he was instantly so complaisant as to repeat it. It is, however, a pity that he speaks with such uncommon volubility, that even Frenchmen themselves, can scarcely follow him, and foreigners must consequently lose a good deal.

It may easily be conceived, that this first and excellent way of entertaining a company is only in the power of those who have his good wishes. Add to this, that even with the best disposition in the world on his part, it does not always depend on him to come or not to come; for he, like all poets, is governed by his wife. As Madame Delille sings, and her singing charms her husband; care must likewise be taken, that an instrument be kept in readiness to accompany her. While her husband is making a pause in his declamation,

courtesy requires that Madame Delille should likewise be requested to give a specimen of her abilities; she at first makes objections, then complies, and the Abbé sits down by her to the piano, ravished with the melody of her strains. This lady likewise takes the most tender care of his health, and will never permit him to eat too much *fromage à la crême*. A second pastime, which is not of the every-day sort, is the company of one of the first-rate actors in the first houses in Paris, especially that of Talma and Lafond. These have the complaisance to repeat, with the whole power of the scenic art, the most beautiful scenes or soliloquies, from all the tragedies of their repertory, or even sometimes to mix lyric poems, which really often affords charming amusement for hours. Of Talma the *unique* I shall have an opportunity of speaking

in another part of this work. Lafond is particularly distinguished by an uncommonly pleasing delivery, and a very prepossessing youthful appearance; in other respects he is quite a Frenchman in his character as an actor. Yet his acting in private is much more moderate, and I never shall forget his Orasman, (particularly the words, *Zaire vous pleurez?*) as well as the dream from *Athalie*. How easily might such charming methods of entertainment be introduced even in German companies; how pleasant would it not be to hear fragments from Goethe and Schiller well delivered, without losing one half by a noisy pit; how many a refined and well-educated man is there to be found even among our actors, who would be no disgrace to our first companies; but, here we suddenly meet with an invincible obstacle! *Our* actors are heartily glad,

if they can stutter out their part on the stage with the assistance of the prompter; our actors get nothing by heart, and cannot do without the help of the prompter even for a moment; but a Frenchman is never at a loss for a single word; he speaks as if the speech actually flowed from his heart, and never needs correction. This method would, therefore, become impracticable in Germany.

The third mode of diversion is by music; I do not mean that which is properly called a concert, but the playing and singing of individuals, accompanied on the piano forte, or by any other instrument. I should be ungrateful not to mention here, that the beautiful young spouse of the counsellor of state Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely, who really sings in a fine and pleasing style, and performs a scene from Gluck, for

instance, with profound feeling: but where the hostess does not possess these accomplishments, great pains are taken to draw the celebrated singer Garat into the company, and invitations are sent several days before, when Delille or he is expected to make their appearance.

But what a difference between the two! Delille is, perhaps, too complaisant, and Garat possesses the greatest share of insufferable obstinacy, and of arrogance as an artist, that I ever had an opportunity of despising. I thrice called in different places to admire him. The first time he positively promised to come, but never came at all. The second time (at Madame de St. Angely's) he came; but the moment I saw him, I knew what I had to expect. He entered a very numerous company, that were in full dress, negligently attired, in

boots, and with his hair in disorder, gave himself such airs as a favourite courtier might formerly have done, and could not, in spite of every entreaty, be persuaded to sing. The third time, at the residence of the sentimental author of Valerie,* he behaved in the same manner. I was long a distant spectator of the many entreaties addressed to him; but plainly reading in his countenance, that he did not entirely slight those entreaties, which served merely as a kind of prelude, that might have been greatly prolonged: I, who am an inveterate enemy to such affectation, made a silent retreat, just a few moments before he appeared inclined to shew mercy; I can, therefore, only praise his talent from hearsay.

That Delille, Talma, Lafond, and Garat, are not the only persons who have

* Madame de Genlis.

the exclusive privilege of affording mental entertainment to the first circles of Paris, may naturally be supposed. There are but few good houses where one or several sons of the muses are not familiarly admitted; and whoever can afford to give dinners is sure of having, be it from fashion or from taste, some of the *beaux esprits* with which Paris swarms at his table. Thus, I found, for instance, at Madame de Beauharnois' old Rétif de la Bretonne (who looks like a good-natured fawn, and whose novels are probably known to all my readers); Cailhava (whose book entitled *l'Art de la Comedie* has once been read, and his plays performed); Dorat Cubieres, properly Palmeseaux, who, I forgot why, has assumed Dorat's name; Volmeranges, author of several pieces acted on the Boulevards; Vigée, a pleasing poet, and a very fine declaimer, &c. &c.

He who has not the fortune nor the inclination to diffuse mirth among his guests in this manner, must as usual have recourse to cards: yet in good houses there always remain people enough who do not play, and among whom a foreigner may always make some interesting acquaintance. There, too, you often have the satisfaction of meeting with celebrated foreigners, whom you have not seen in your own country. Among these I recollect with pleasure to have found Count Rumford, whom my heart has long venerated, at the hotel of Mr. Livingstone, the American minister. The presence of this estimable philanthropist, and the most amiable step-daughter of that minister (a younger sister of the Venus *pudique)* would have been alone sufficient to gratify every expectation of a foreigner. One house more I have for-

gotten to mention, where decorum, cheerfulness, and mental entertainment are united without any restraint; I mean that of the Prussian minister, the Marquis de Lucchesini, whose mind is as little apt to be exhausted as his complaisance is to be wearied. The talents required in the great world, all of which he possesses in an eminent degree, have drawn a slight varnish over the excellencies of his heart, which is, however, as transparent as that laid on a valuable picture, where it only serves to add to its splendour. So refined is his taste, and so multifarious his knowledge, that he is able to entertain, with the utmost ease, here a politician, there a philosopher, here a poet, there an artist, just as if he particularly professed their respective avocations. Towards all he manifests that friendly confidence which enlivens the spirits, and adds to the com-

forts of every one of his visitors. His accomplished lady adds to all these attractions of his house, and no stranger that visits Paris, and has had the happiness to enter it, will take his leave of Paris without cherishing the most grateful recollections. Besides these *first-rate* houses (if splendour fix the precedence in point of rank), there are many more that in other respects justly deserve to be placed on a par with them, and from which cards and irksomeness are ever excluded. Among this number are the houses of several counsellors of state, who, as it is generally known, are mostly from among the learned. The excellent Lagrange I have already mentioned in another place. Fourcroy resembles him, combining the reputation of a learned man of the first eminence with that of the most powerful orator. At his round table the most select society

is always to be found. Perrégaux, too, the first banker of the government, knows, by unassuming hospitality, how to impress upon the mind of a stranger a grateful remembrance. I should far exceed my limits were I to name all the families which captivate by genuine French urbanity and sociability; these are many, indeed; and they only remain exceptions; for the rage of collecting *large* circles is general.

SOME GREAT PAINTERS AND THEIR WORKSHOPS.

DAVID.

The celebrity of David's Sabines has already been trumpeted all over Europe, and the mouth of Fame was not too loud. Pseudo-critics may find many faults; for instance, in the attitude of the Roman, and many other parts. I

was so struck with its beauties, that I forgot the very name of censure. The attacking Sabine is the production of a great master! How poetically is the image conceived! What a vivid imagination has with magic power ushered it into existence! The women throw their children between the combatants. Here a tender, supplicating wife grasps the knees of a Sabine; the stern warrior cannot resist her. Alas! the image of a painful life; and yet the genius of the master has found means to represent, at the same time, a contrast of serene life: how, will scarcely be guessed; and yet it is very natural. Between the feet of the Roman lies one of the children which has been thrown down, and seems to be cutting the first teeth, for it is innocently playing with its fingers in its mouth.

A trifle is paid for admission to see

the Sabines, and a book may be purchased at the same time, in which David justifies this proceeding by the example of the ancients, declaring that he is desirous of thus collecting, like Apelles, the opinion of the public. Here, however, he may meet with many a cobler, who knows nothing beyond his *last*. According to other accounts he is not displeased at having already cleared in this manner the sum of sixty thousand livres.

There are two other pictures in his workshop fully equal to the Sabines, and which he shews gratis to connoisseurs. That of the *Horatii*, in the act of taking the solemn oath, is perhaps even preferable to the Sabines in point of composition, simplicity, and energy; for what many urge against the latter may perhaps be true, that at the sight of the Roman in particular you cannot

help thinking of the French opera. The hands of the *swearing Horatii* are inexpressibly beautiful.

I was less pleased with Brutus condemning his two sons to death. The expression of the head, and the cramped straining of the whole body, which is perceptible even in the toe, are certainly excellent; but the picture is almost divided into two parts; the mother and her two daughters and the grandmother being as it were separated by a large extended cloth. The figure of one of the daughters fainting is beautiful. Were she to stand upright, she would perhaps be rather too tall. If it were true that the concealment of the face be expressive of the highest degree of grief (which I doubt), it would have been better to have represented the mother hiding her face than the grandmother. Brutus supporting himself on the altar of *Rome*,

as his only consolation in the fulfilment of his painful and cruel duty, is a fine idea.

GERARD.

This excellent historical painter is likewise a poet, which is proved by his admirable picture of Belisarius; for the highly poetical situation in which he has placed the blind old man in this picture, is his own happy, yet deeply affecting invention. The youth who was the guide of Belisarius dies of the bite of a serpent: Belisarius carries off the youth, with the serpent still hanging to his foot. The landscape represents sun-set. The poor blind man, bereft of his conductor, has lost his way, and is wandering about in a spot utterly impassable. Night approaches; he is feeling his way on one side with his staff, unconscious of the abyss just before him, on the

brink of which he stands. This piece makes a powerful impression. The spectator's breath is almost suspended; he involuntarily extends his arm to pull the poor old man from the yawning precipice, or hastily turns away, that he may not witness his fall.

As the professor of historical painting alone can scarcely procure a subsistence, Gerard, as well as others of his colleagues, have condescended to paint portraits; but his genius knows how to convert every portrait into a picture, which, notwithstanding the resemblance, receives a still higher and more permanent value from his pencil. I saw some excellent performances of this kind at his house; for instance, the wife of General Murat, one of Bonaparte's sisters, half sitting and half standing at a table, on which is laid her youngest infant, who is asleep, while the elder is

playing about her knees: both the children are quite naked. A whole length of Madame Recamier, as Venus reposing beneath a thin veil, not yet finished, is likewise a charming performance.

DROUAIS.

DEATH has unfortunately cut off this promising young artist in the flower of his years. He died at Rome in the twenty-fifth year of his age, just as he was advancing, with gigantic strides, to perfection. He was the only son of a lady in easy circumstances, residing at Paris, to whom he has left nothing but his *Marius*, at the moment the Cimbrian enters to assassinate him. This admirable performance he sent to his beloved mother from Rome; and, notwithstanding the high offers made for it, she will not dispose of it at any price. She, however, readily permits amateurs to

see it; receives foreigners, who signify their desire, with great politeness, and seems delighted to see the surviving spirit of her darling admired in his work. If any one praise the picture, tears immediately overflow her eyes. The figure of Marius is, indeed, exquisitely beautiful; but the idea of the Cimbrian hiding his face in his cloak, because he cannot endure his looks, appears to me a mistaken one. No Cimbrian, fond of murder, would express his reverence for a great man in that manner.

ISABEY.

ISABEY is properly a miniature painter, but, in his workshop, you meet with pieces that are exquisitely finished. I particularly commend an old man, with a youth, as the most perfect performance that I ever beheld of the kind.

When Madame Tallien saw this charming picture, she exclaimed, *ça pue l'huile*; it smells of the lamp.

CURIOSITIES, EDIFICES, AND ESTABLISHMENTS WORTHY OF NOTICE.

UNDER this head I shall comprise a brief account of several subjects, of which much might be said, though I acknowledge myself at present to be inadequate to the task.

DESSAIX'S MONUMENT

Is full of taste, and decorates a fountain in a public square, in which there is, however, no water. The inscriptions are brief and pathetic: but what greatly displeases me is, that the names of those who subscribed to the erection of this monument are recorded under-

neath. This list of subscribers exhibited a ludicrous spectacle in my eyes; but, fortunately, it is so placed, that the water-carriers will soon efface it.

THE FOUR CONQUERED HORSES.

THESE four celebrated coursers, which have made many a long journey, and lay under water, I don't recollect how many years, are now placed singly on the fine iron gates which divide the court yard of the Thuileries from the *Place du Carousel.* I was very anxious to see them, but they made a very feeble impression on me. They are four very pretty steeds, which in my opinion are not to be compared to those on the Brandenburgh gate at Berlin, but resemble images placed on the top of a chest of drawers. They perhaps lose their effect by not being placed together.

THE GARDEN OF THE THUILERIES

s extremely lively and agreeable. Unlerneath Bonaparte's windows the air is ɔerfumed with the balmy odor of long :spaliers of reseda. Majestic swans are ;een sailing on two fine basons, and ıumberless statues, many of which are ɔf great value, allure the lover of the fine arts from one alley to another. If :he weather be tolerable, immense :rowds are found here, especially about twelve o'clock. Several old women let ɔut chairs and newspapers. Groups of wantòn children are seen gamboling in the sun. Whoever wants refreshments, needs only go to the *Terrace de Feuillans*, where a kind restaurateur has every thing provided that can please the palate. The *manége*, or riding-house, where I once listened to the thundering eloquence of Mirabeau, is levelled with the ground, and the place is to be em-

bellished on that side with a new st
Any one who is fond of a long v
and does not find this garden l
enough, may pass through superb gr
of horses into the *Champs Elysées*.

MANUFACTORY OF GOBELIN TAPES

THE person who conducts you thr
this place shews, in some measure
beginning and progress of this art;
little can be understood of it. E
one has seen looms for weaving,
those here resemble the common
in point of machinery; but how t
single threads can produce such ad
able pictures, is still, in defiance o
explanation, matter of astonishm
I found several beautiful subjects
manufacturing; and among otl
Iphigenia recognising Orestes, a pic
of uncommon beauty. It seems
no traces remain of the original cost

of Iphigenia; for every description by the learned in antiquity, and every figure I have seen in Berlin, Weimar and Paris, give a different representation of it. In the picture in question her dress is wholly white; she wears a band round her forehead and a kind of ribband, resembling an order of knighthood, covered with stars and crescents.

The gallery of the numerous pieces that are completed must gratify every spectator, whether he be a connoisseur or not. The Rape of Orythia, by Boreas, and the President Molé among the *frondeurs* are particularly distinguished. But none of them equals the murder of the Admiral Coligny. The passage from the Henriade relative to it is inscribed and hung up by the side of the picture. The admiral's figure resembles a ghost, and strikes the beholder with awe and veneration. Two flower-pieces and a

fruit-piece, by a youth of eighteen, excite admiration. You are obliged to have recourse to the touch to persuade yourself that the figures before your eyes are imitations.

This manufactory requires a great expenditure, and considerable support from the government; to which the artists are likewise indebted for large purchases, as the first officers of state use no other tapestry, and presents of it are frequently made to foreign courts.

THE FIRE ENGINE,

with which water is pumped up out of the Seine, ought only to be visited by those who wish to acquire a perfect idea of the hell of the ancients. Here you see Ixion's wheels, casks of the Danaids, and black subterraneous figures. Half roasted, and stunned with the tremendous strokes of the iron, you flee

from this workshop of Vulcan, the mechanism of which is so complicated as to require a great fund of preparatory knowledge to derive any advantage from seeing it. The same may partly be said of

THE MANUFACTURE OF THE BROTHERS PERRIER,

where cannon are founded, and various machines fabricated, such as an imitation of the English cotton spinning-jennies, &c. As far as I could judge, they were tolerably well made, and cost, according to their size, as many Louis d'ors as there are spindles. They are worked by a man and a child. This building is extensive, but unless you have some previous idea of the machinery, you only stare about and learn little. Much more entertainment is met with in

THE MANUFACTORY OF LOOKING GLASSES

which employ six hundred hands, and where are to be seen pure, clear pier glasses nine feet by six.

THE BASTILLE.

The spot where this structure of lawless despotism once stood will be for ever memorable. Some parts of the walls, ditches, and gates, still remain, but within the inclosure is piled up wood for fuel. I will not vouch for the truth of the assertion, that a certain republican hero has on several occasions sincerely lamented the destruction of that tomb of the living. Let him consider, that there is still left the Temple, where Louis XVI. was immured, and which still contains room for many a wretched victim. The latter is now surrounded with walls of such height, that its four

turrets, with a fifth in the centre, can only be seen at a distance. Recollecting the dreadful times past, a sensation of gloomy melancholy seizes the passenger.

THE PHYSICAL CABINET OF PROFESSOR CHARLES,

in which he likewise delivers his lectures, should be seen by every foreigner, for it is one of the finest and most complete in Europe. The electrical machine is of such immense magnitude, that, merely on being put in motion, my hair stood erect at the distance of two yards. The cylinder is almost five feet in diameter. Here are likewise all kinds of mathematical instruments for natural philosophy, physic, mechanics, optics, acoustics, &c. as well as an orrery, which is, however, far inferior to that at Berlin. Do not neglect to cast a look into the camera obscura, for the cabinet

of the Louvre being close by, the constant bustle at this spot affords a very pleasing spectacle. Charles is well known to have been one of the first aëronauts, and the car in which he made his excursions is likewise suspended here as a memento.

THE HOTEL DIEU

is not much praised by those who are judges of such establishments. I found most of the beds empty, but whether from a scarcity of sick, or from other causes, I cannot tell. Here is an inscription engraved on marble, by the order of Bonaparte, to perpetuate the memory of Desault and Bichat, the former denominated the restorer of surgery, and the latter said to possess great merit as a physician. I cannot sufficiently commend such encouragement to virtue and merit, and cannot conceive

how it happens that there are so few of them in Germany. I must acknowledge that, unfortunately, the Germans do not feel the utility of such monuments. This being the case, it would be superfluous to raise any; for, say they, the dead whom they are intended to honour are insensible to them; and the living whom they ought to inspire with emulation remain as cold as the marble itself. A more ancient inscription boasts, that a man of quality, of the family of Bellièvre, on his death-bed, ordered all his superb household utensils to be applied to the use of the sick in the Hotel Dieu. This was very well, but as he himself could no longer make use of them the sacrifice was not great, and he certainly did not deserve any monument in honour of him. Were monuments to be erected for all acts of this description, the streets would soon be so

crowded as to become impassable. In other respects the *Hotel Dieu* is not to be compared to the *Charité* at Berlin: but then there are many such hospitals in the French capital, and only one in that of Prussia. Whether it be better to entrust the cause of the helpless sick to one person or several, is a question the discussion of which would exceed my limits.

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

Here, to my inexpressible pleasure, I again met with the same old nun, who thirteen years before had moved me by her uncommon care and maternal attention. She was now in a lay-habit, but her clothes were the only alteration I could find in her. Her faith and reliance on the Almighty, happily extricated her from all the storms of the revolution. The rest of her intimidated sisters,

retired for shelter into the bosom of their families, and she too, with a bundle on her back, was just going to bid a sad farewel to her convent, when a representative of the people stopped her on the steps, requesting her to return to her former occupations. She at first refused, but being at length assured that she should not be disturbed in her faith, and, except resigning the habit of the order, might live as she pleased, she gladly returned. She, indeed, recollects with pain the fine convent she was obliged to quit, for which her present abode is far from affording her an adequate compensation, but still, the consciousness of having done her duty, renders her cheerful and contented.

In consequence of the great mortality which prevails among the foundlings, they are immediately put out to nurse in the country, and I saw very few, be-

ing only those that had been brought in the same morning, or a few days before, who were laid in clean and warm beds. The nurses, who were at the same time suckling their own children, waited on the foundlings in a row of neat lodges, ranged in a long gallery. The female servants of the house consisted entirely of grown up foundlings. The former regularity, cleanliness and attention prevailed.

THE ORPHAN-HOUSE,

situated near the botanical garden, (*jardin des plantes*) contains 1100 children, 600 of whom are already usefully employed. Some are trained to a military life, and do duty completely armed. They in general look healthy and cheerful. The bread they eat is good and palatable; and cleanliness every where prevails. The edifice is very spacious,

and the dormitories are airy, but the beds appear to be placed too closely together. — The school is divided into several classes. In one of them, where writing is taught, I found a number of specimens fixed up, consisting of short sentences, but not all adapted to the comprehension of children. Many of them, even, could only be productive of prejudicial effects, as: *reconciliation with an enemy is seldom of long duration.* Unfortunately this is a true maxim, but of what utility to a child? It is worthy of remark that the church belonging to this orphan-house, probably destitute of treasures, was left unpillaged and untouched during the revolution.

THE HOUSE OF ST. PERINE

is an excellent, new institution. To be received into it a person must either be aged or infirm. In this point it re-

sembles all other hospitals; but the particular in which it differs from them, and which does honour to the spirit of the present age, is, that by easy savings in youth it secures a property to helpless old age, and requires no support from government. Every subscriber, for instance, pays, between his thirtieth and fortieth year, two francs per month; between forty and fifty, three; between fifty and sixty, four; between sixty and seventy, nine francs; total 2160 francs. This is, however, a property for life. If he enter immediately after the thirtieth year, he must pay up all arrears; but the administrators render the payments easy to those who have no property. The subscriber cannot enter the house before he is seventy, unless he be sick and infirm.

Every person in the house has a neat room of his own (which he is at liberty

to decorate as he pleases), with a chimney ingeniously contrived in the window, and is carefully waited upon. At table (each of twelve covers) he has the best bread and meat. At eight o'clock in the morning each receives a small loaf; at one o'clock, soup, boiled meat, and vegetables; at seven in the evening, greens, fruit, cheese, white bread as much as he chooses; one bottle of wine per day, but women only half a bottle. Every month the laundress delivers out a clean pair of sheets; every five days a shirt, neckcloth, pocket-handkerchief, and a pair of stockings. The sick are taken care of in separate apartments. The furniture which any one brings with him becomes the property of the house, which also has a physician, surgeon, apothecary, and nurses constantly on the establishment.—An elevated, salubrious situation in *Rue Chaillot* and

pleasant gardens add to the charms of the house in summer: and in winter an assembly room, in which the public journals and magazines are kept.

In fact, a person must be very poor, and earn very little, if in the space of forty years he were not able to save 600 dollars. Thus by saving about 15 dollars per annum, he acquires—by no means a title to charity—but a legitimate right to be well taken care of in his old age. When old he does not live on charity, but on the fruits of his industry. What a consolation for minds of delicate sensibility!—A person may likewise subscribe for others, and good masters and mistresses find this an excellent method of providing for old and faithful servants.

The first classes of the inhabitants of Paris interested themselves for this establishment. Among the governors and

committee are: the prefect of the department of the Seine, the prefect of police, the archbishop of Paris, the director of the bank, &c. Bonaparte subscribed for thirty places, his mother for four, and his wife for twenty-five. The second consul has ten, the third fifteen, and the different ministers ten places each. Many foreigners, likewise, are subscribers, as: the Russian generals Sprengporten and Chitroff; the Russian chamberlain Von Balk; the secretary of the grand duke Constantine Salrapesno, &c.

THE MINT.

Here the celebrated Le Sage delivers chemical lectures, in a capacious hall, superbly decorated and supported by marble columns: and in an apartment by the side of it, his bust has been placed by his grateful scholars. The hall is

square, but in the middle there is a circular partition, on the outside of which is kept an excellent cabinet of minerals. The inner room is surrounded with elegant benches for the audience. In a recess behind the professor's chair stand two Egyptian columns, between which are placed all kinds of furnaces, instruments and implements of chemistry. A wide gallery surrounds the hall, adjoining to which there are several apartments. Many models of machines are to be found here, together with all the implements used in mining, on a small scale, dishes by the celebrated potter Palissy, who lived three centuries ago, and was the greatest chemist of his time, but would never be called by any other name than that of *Master Potter!*

THE COLLEGE OF SURGERY.

A superb edifice. Its interior does

justice to its external appearance. The anatomical preparations in wax are truly astonishing, yet I thought they were equalled by those of the privy counsellor Loder, of Halle in Prussia. Various diseases are so well imitated in wax, as to deceive the eye; among others, a head, one half of which has been eaten by a cancer, and, together with the original near it, is shocking to behold; yet the man lived, and always wished for a prolongation of his life. Every kind of sustenance was (God knows how) poured down his nasal apertures, as mouth, nose; cheeks and teeth were all gone; and yet he wished to live. What magic charm can there be in life, since even he who must daily curse it, is unwilling to part with it! Skeletons, heads and bones are to be found here by hundreds; abortions of every kind, children grown together,

and one in particular, with a toad's head. Whenever I see such a wretched creature, I likewise hear the moans of the unfortunate mother in the pangs of parturition; and after triumphing over her pains, at the moment she wishes to press her offspring to the full maternal bosom, what must be her sensations at beholding a toad's head staring her in the face!

Here are likewise to be seen, curiosities of all kinds; for instance, the notorious Cartouche; the head of the king of Poland's dwarf Bebé in wax, wearing his own clothes; the skeleton of the man who died in 1803, and had neither arms nor legs, but only hands and feet, which projected from the shoulder and the extremity of the body; every species of stone found in the bodies of animals, and among the rest, very large stones found in human bodies;

the sheep, from the first moment of its existence till its birth, at more than fifty periods; a superb collection of chirurgical instruments of all kinds; as well as a large library, which, however, does not entirely consist of books on the sciences, for, to my astonishment, I here found the works of Voltaire. Considerable additions are making to the place in which the building stands. On this occasion I shall likewise say a few words concerning

THE VETERINARY SCHOOL AT CHARENTON.

It owes its foundation to the ex-minister François de Neufchateau, and was, at first, very liberally patronized, but is now sinking into decay, as money is wanting, and none any longer interests himself in its behalf. I am assured by many well-informed people, that the

same is now the case with many institutions at Paris, which rose with the dazzling splendour of a meteor, and burst with equal rapidity. Such was the fate of an hospital belonging to the *College de Medicine*, established for the improvement of the pupils, whence, if I am not mistaken, the French used to call it *Le Perfectionnement*. Several wards were formed, a surgeon was appointed, every thing went on well for a short time, but the institution is now sunk in oblivion.

THE INSTITUTION FOR PERSONS BORN BLIND

Has been enlarged since I first remember it. The institution for young blind people has been united with that for the three hundred blind adults, called *Quinze-vingts*, under the royal government, in which they were taught every kind of handicraft-business, and whatever else they were capable of exer-

cising their industry upon. Guided only by the touch, they still read and print as before, have their maps and musical notes in *relievo*. They are all extremely fond of music, in consequence of which nothing but musical instruments is to be found in their bed-rooms. They walk about every where without receiving any injury, and are always gay and cheerful. The girls are employed in spinning. The fare of these unfortunates appeared to me to be far inferior to that of the orphan children mentioned above. The house is large and dirty. Less respect appears to be shewn here to strangers on their introduction, than is generally the case in most places in Paris. I wished to be present at a public meeting which was announced to be held at twelve o'clock *precisely*. This adverb is often used here in a very wrong acceptation. It

was half past twelve when I entered, and the blind were still sitting and tuning their violins. Each plays his own piece, and this lasted so long, and sounded so infernally, that at length, when it was past one o'clock, they drove me away with their devilish music, and at that time the sitting was not yet opened. Several productions of their manufacture were exhibited, as counterpanes, &c. &c.

THE PRYTANEUM.

This institution is primarily designed for boys whose fathers have died in the bed of honour, in the service of their country, and to whom a grateful nation supplies a father's place. Boarders are likewise received at the moderate sum of one thousand livres per annum, for education, board, cloathing, &c. If they distinguish themselves, they are

particularly recommended to the government on leaving the place. The total number of pupils is 450. The director, M. Champagné, is a man of great abilities; all the masters that I saw are accomplished men, and extremely ready to shew every thing that can afford interest. The extensive buildings, formerly belonging to the jesuits, contain several large yards for playgrounds. The different classes, the dormitories, refectories, kitchen, in short all the apartments are spacious, airy, and clean. Only the small children sleep together in the halls, under the care of tutors and servants; the elder having each his own room, which is an excellent plan.

They live well. I asked for a piece of their bread, which was better and finer than Naudet's, the restaurateur in the Palais Royal. The pupils all look

fresh and healthy. A fine library of 30,000 volumes, is rich, particularly in historical works. They are indebted for it to the minister Benezech, as the former was totally dispersed and destroyed in the late revolution.

I paid several visits to the Prytaneum. The first time, upon my arrival, the gate happened to be shut; the clock was striking one, and the pupils had just done dinner, when they are at liberty to walk, run, play, and amuse themselves in the court-yards. The porter asked me whether I would have patience till play-time was over. I answered, "Yes," and he conducted me into a parlour, where I expected soon to feel *ennui*. But I was mistaken; for here I witnessed a scene which will never escape my memory. It was the hour at which the widowed mothers visit their sons. The parlour or hall was prepared

for this purpose; round it were placed at least a dozen small green tables, with chairs arranged so as to receive a number of small groups. The mothers were already there before the clock struck, for maternal love even outstrips time. With longing expectation their looks were fixed on the door. One boy after the other was called. Each of them hastily enters, looks round, and mother and son fly into each other's arms. One of them takes her son, a stout boy at least twelve years old, on her lap, and fondles him like an infant at the breast. Another sits down at a table with her darling, to whom she has brought some chesnuts, which he eats with a keen appetite, while she weeps in silence, and every moment secretly dries the tears that trickle from her eyes. A third joyfully receives her cheerful stripling, who has scarcely leaned a moment on his

mother's breast, than he begins to weep bitterly. Every mother had brought something in ridicules, handkerchiefs, baskets, or napkins. Many of the children received these little presents with joy, but with many they could not stop the flood of grief. A couple of boys, who probably were completely orphans, sat with a serious look before a table, listening to an old man, perhaps a friend of their deceased parents, who talked very kindly to them. Their eyes were constantly straying towards the favourites, caressed by their mothers, and towards those of their comrades who had received presents. Many of the sisters of the pupils, both great and small, had likewise come, but I did not observe that any of them was affected. Love between brothers and sisters is the work of custom, not of Nature.

This hour passed away very rapidly.

Nobody noticed me; they were all occupied with their family concerns. I had free scope for observation. At last the hollow drum sounded; one more embrace, and in the twinkling of an eye the parlour is cleared. The apartment is plain, and with great propriety decorated with the busts of celebrated French heroes, between which hang military plans and sketches, drawn by the pupils, and exhibited by way of reward. I wish I could speak as favourably of

THE POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL.

All I have to say concerning it is, that young soldiers are here bred to be engineers, surveyors, &c. I should suppose that few foreigners visit this establishment, for I was sent about a long time from one place to another. One person received me with petulance; and a second with kindness, but each always

tion, there are many others, not strictly belonging to it, who occasionally read with pleasure the fruits of their genius. A neat library, which is regularly increased with the most modern and interesting works, is also open for the use of the subscribers. In short, it is impossible for the sum of scarcely five louis-d'ors to procure a greater diversity of intellectual entertainment. No person is allowed to be introduced as a visitor, and it was a mark of great distinction that an exception was made to the general rule in my behalf. I was present at the opening of the sittings for the present year. Garat, as president, delivered an introductory oration; Guingené gave a lecture on the history of modern literature; Baour Lormian recited a portion of Young's Night Thoughts in verse. The whole concluded with a concert. But I was very little the better for all

this; for, arriving rather late, I found the hall so crowded with auditors that I would not venture into the throng, and consequently lost every connection at the distance at which I kept.

THE ATHENÆUM OF FOREIGNERS

is an institution of a similar kind, but devoted only to the belles lettres. In one sitting, for example, Cailhava read on declamation in tragedy; Lautier, a tale in verse, entitled the *Ungrateful Children*; Baour Lormian, the death of Narcissus, imitated from Young; Murville, an imitation of a satire of Juvenal; Lancival, Deidamira's Farewel of Achilles; and Chazet, a poetic epistle. Gentlemen subscribe seventy-two, and ladies forty-two francs. Balls and concerts are likewise given here.

There are many similar establishments in Paris, more or less excellent in their

kind. It must also be acknowledged that there is no place in the world, even London not excepted, where so much intellectual food is offered at such a cheap rate. The *Academie de Legislation*, and likewise the *College de France* deserve to be mentioned here. But if a lecture by Delille in the latter be announced, I would advise every one to procure a ticket of admission a fortnight beforehand; for, three days before it takes place none is to be obtained at any price.

THE LIBRARY OF THE ARSENAL

contains many apartments and halls, which are not very spacious, and one hundred and thirty-five thousand volumes in excellent order and good condition. There are three rooms filled with manuscripts, the most important of which have already been profited by. It

is said that it will be removed to the palace of the Luxemburg, as the Conservative Senate wishes to have a library of its own. Where it now is, it contains a rare, but portable curiosity, consisting of an apartment and a closet once inhabited by Sully, both wainscoted and richly gilt *à l'antique*. Above the chimney-piece, is still a looking-glass (fixture) one of the first brought from Venice, which might, at that time, have been a very costly article, but would now-a-days be too small even for a chamber-maid. Its antiquity may be known by its polished sides. Before this chimney Henry IV. probably often sat with Sully. Round it are represented the figures of heroic women both of ancient and modern times, and among others that of the Maid of Orleans.

THE LIBRARY OF MAZARINE

consists of one hundred and twenty thousand volumes, placed in a hall very prettily decorated, but fifty thousand of them are still upon the floor, as another hall has been taken from this library for some other purpose. Around it are ranged some fine ancient and modern busts; but the most curious article is an *ex voto*, in Phœnician characters, which some Tyrians had vowed in a shipwreck. The Greek translation being subjoined, the Abbé Barthelemy, with its assistance, restored a part of the Phœnician alphabet.

THE OBSERVATORY

is a large and most convenient edifice, with vast subterraneous apartments. Here is a telescope twenty-two feet in length, with a mirror twenty-two

inches in diameter; but it is not of platina, as I at first thought. The frame on which it stands has a clumsy and heavy appearance, but by a very simple mechanical contrivance, one man may not only move the whole enormous machine backward and forward with the greatest ease, but push it out upon the platform at pleasure. Very neat cabinets were erecting on the roof to observe comets. The perspective of Paris from this situation is very beautiful.

A GREAT AND CAPITAL COLLECTION OF MACHINES AND MODELS,

which no stranger should omit seeing, is kept in several immense halls, where are to be found models of all the implements of rural economy, such as ploughs, windmills, fire-engines, beehives, spinning-machines, boilers, fountains, &c. This excellent institution, which is not yet quite arranged, and is

to be considerably augmented, is, to my surprise, but little visited, and it cost me much trouble to find it out.

THE PANSTEREORAMA.

exhibits, in two apartments, Paris, Lyons, and London, beautifully executed in relievo. In the two former cities even the inequality of the ground is preserved; and, at any rate, this charming art represents the objects chosen in a very striking manner. Other panoramas, but too well known, I shall pass over in silence.

THE CABINET OF COPPERPLATE ENGRAVINGS,

which is united with the National Library, is likewise one of the most remarkable curiosities. It is an immense collection, which may perhaps contain about one million prints. It is likewise *very* judiciously classed; and an excel-

lent catalogue, open for inspection, affords a person an opportunity of employing it to advantage. Accordingly a number of young artists are constantly seen to occupy both sides of a long table, either copying or looking over the prints. They are put up in large portfolios like books, and divided into countries. Each country has its subdivisions. The remarkable portraits are innumerable, and being again subdivided into various classes, as princes, learned men, artists, &c. any single portrait you wish to see may readily be found. If, for instance, I want to find Luther's portrait, I look for that side of the wall on which Germany is placed, under the different heads for the portraits, and among the last for *ecclesiastics*, which being given me, my wish is satisfied in a few minutes.—Once, for amusement, I asked for the German artists, and to my

surprise, found in the same volume the German *monsters* and *fools*.

THE CHURCH OF ST. SULPICE.

A very majestic structure, the exterior of which impresses more sublimity than the cathedral of *Notre Dame*. From behind, the cupola produces almost a magical effect. Through a large aperture behind the high altar, light clouds seem to be pouring in, and upon them rides the blessed Virgin with the infant Jesus, all in marble, of such exquisite workmanship, that, at a little distance, the imagination is led into the happiest illusion.

END OF VOL. II.

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